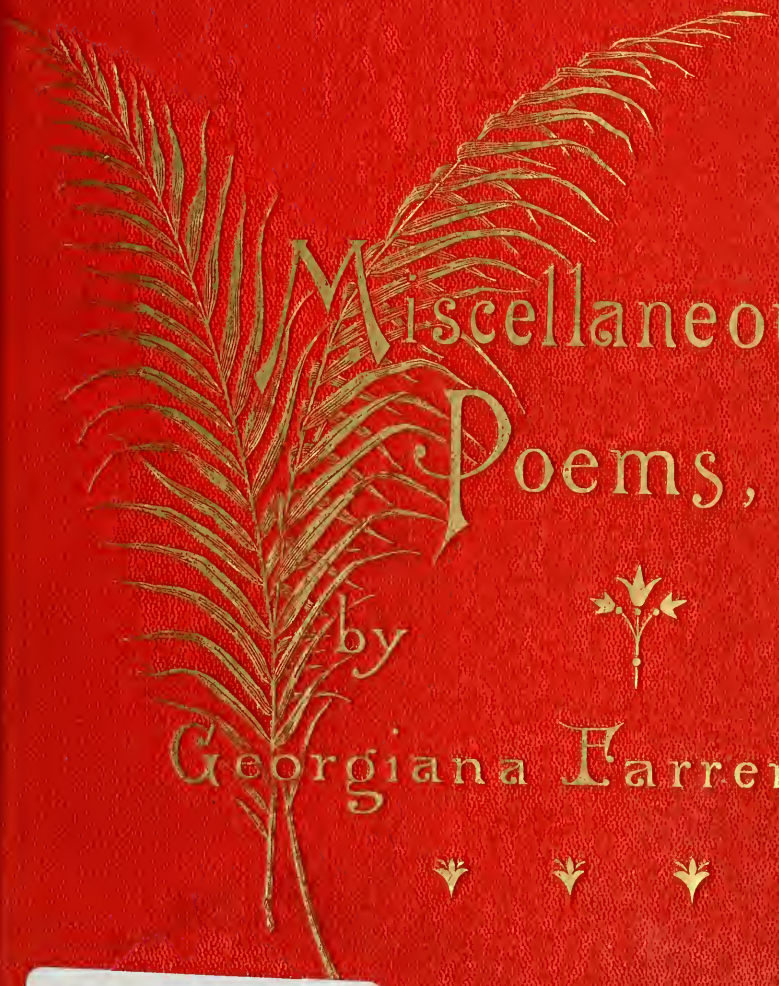

Miscellaneous Poems,

by

Georgiana Farrer.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

BY

GEORGIANA FARRER.

LONDON :

S. W. PARTRIDGE AND CO.,

9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1883.

LONDON :
PRINTED BY W. H. AND L. COLLINGRIDGE, CITY PRESS,
148 AND 149, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

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INTRODUCTION.

JOB xxxviii. 2—6.

Who made all atoms? who composed,
  Who formed, and who concreted?
Who made the worms to plough the earth,
  Before man was created?

Who was before man thought at all?
  Of what composed His nature?
Material, spirit, tell me what?
  Somewhat must have laid strata.

When man has found out all I ask,
  And answered all these queries,
I want to know where man will be
  If satisfied with theories.

Or, if a nobler brute will rise
  From dust he once was robed in,
And think of him as but a worm,
  Once filthy garments clothed in.

Man may have found out much, I grant,
  And much more may discover,
But little after all he knows
  Of one thing or another.

The Bible has foretold the end;
And some there are believe it;
I do for one—it makes me glad;
Take my advice—receive it.

Misuse we may all God has made,
Because we are the stronger:
Think—if the Scriptures should be true,
This cannot last much longer.

(The Maker of us all must rule:
The Maker is the Master;
We are but servants, and must serve
In conquest or disaster.)

The unbeliever may exult,
In spring-time, wealth, and power,
But as he fades away from earth
Dark shades will o'er him lower.

How cheering it is to believe
That when this strife is ended,
There is a home beyond the tomb,
From ev'ry ill defended!

Such is the promise of that One,
Eternal, God, Creator,
Who made all matter, things, and men
Consummate wise Dictator.

By His dictation may we grow
In wisdom, strength, and beauty.
For they are wise and beautiful
Who love to do their duty.

POEMS.

THE SWELLING OF JORDAN.

(*Jeremiah* xii. 5.)

H ! for the faith to keep upright and onward,
Oh ! for the wings of a dove for to fly,
Oh ! for Elijah's strange chariot to ride in—
Then would I mount and be safely on high.

What shall I do in the swelling of Jordan ?
Known unto the Lord my last day must be ;
What will become of Thy child—" the worm Jacob ? "
Then in Thy mercy shine sweetly on me.

Known unto Thee every path in that river ;
Back flow the floods when Thy thunders they hear ;
Dry-shod Thy children, like Israel, shall cross it ;
Useless the chariots of Pharaoh down there.

Up in Thine arms gently lift me, Thy frail one,
Let not my feet touch the icy chill stream ;
Close in Thy bosom entwine me—Immortal,
Passing fromea rth into life like a dream.

Closed for a moment my eyes on earth's sorrows,
Heavenly beauties would burst on my sight;
High on His throne would Immanuel greet me,
Bidding me share all His glory and might.

Once landed *safely* in garden-like Eden,
Far from the tempter who marred all life there;
I shall expand and bloom forth round my Saviour,
Like Rose of Sharon, sweet-scented and fair.

WONDERFUL WORLD.

In this wonderful world
Wrath appears on us hurled,
And the flag of peace furled;
Sad the decree.

All things the worse for wear,
Sweet faces full of care,
Broken hearts everywhere;
Few sounds of glee.

Then, why are they broken?
Self love is the token—
With shame be it spoken.
Unselfish be.

Acting as balm in space,
Running a healing race,
Cheering the saddened face;
Run on with me.

Then, though grief everywhere,
Seems all creation's fare,
Some might, through love and care,
Better days see.

Soon, through the Father's love,
And Our Lord raised above—
Changed by the Heavenly Dove—
Sorrow shall flee.

And the unselfish reign,
Free from all sin and pain ;
All fresh and young again—
New world in Thee.

THE GLASSY SEA.

THOU fountain head of waters pure,
Who didst the cross for me endure—
How wonderful the mystery !
Hail ! Maker of the Glassy Sea !

Oh, give me faith Thy wealth to prove ;
Help me to fathom depths of love ;
All living streams spring forth from Thee,
They centre in the Glassy Sea.

Passing the desert here, I faint—
Who can a pilgrim's troubles paint ?
Yet waters flow at Thy decree,
And reflux in the Glassy Sea.

When waked from death, its sleep shall be
Refreshing all my powers for Thee;
Raised up, my glorious form set free,
Shall float around the Glassy Sea.

How splendid then will be my gear,
Fit for my Maker to live near;
His radiance shall light on me,
While I gaze on the Glassy Sea.

A plant most rare, most choice, most fine,
Produced from Thee, the Living Vine—
My tendrils through eternity
Will flourish round the Glassy Sea.

Free from corruption and decay,
Joy will attend my airy way,
A rare Exotic ever be
Expanding on the Glassy Sea.

The sun shall never scorch me there;
No withered look oppressed with care,
Can evermore be seen on me,
Watered by that *fresh* Glassy Sea.

A child beloved, raised up with care,
My Father's treasures formed to share;
I may drink at *His Fountain free*,
'Tis that supplies the Glassy Sea.

There shall I float in calm repose,
My eyes not on its beauties close,
Entranced with the infinity
Encircling wide the Glassy Sea.

My buoyant vessel will not sink ;
Of terrors there I need not think ;
All life is one long ecstasy
While sailing o'er the Glassy Sea.

The Sons of God shall one day raise (Rev. xv. 2)
A sweet and conjoined hymn of praise
Upon thy banks in sportive glee,
Seraph reflecting, Glassy Sea.

You who love gold, sit down and count
Heaven's treasures—what the vast amount ?
Canst value the immensity,
Of wealth stored on the Glassy Sea ?

Scoffers of God take time to think (Rev. xxi 8)
There is a lake upon whose brink,
Waters are scarce—where misery
Thirst can't assuage in Glassy Sea.

A dignified good principle
Is mightier than Power of Hell ;
The first leads up to mirth and glee,
The last sink 'neath the Glassy Sea.

TRINITY, 1876.

(*Rev.* xxi.)

Glorius City, gemmed around
With pearly gates and golden ground;
No need of sun or moon in thee, (v. 23)
Thy light the blessed Trinity.

Both north and south and east and west (v. 23)
Doors open stand to scenes of rest;
A Bride beloved, quite free from sin,
Sits robed in white, those walls within.

Twelve stars her bridal wreath displays,
Enhanced her beauty by its rays;
More dazzling far the Bridegroom's face,
The first born of a royal race.

Who is the Bridegroom—who His Sire?
Can any to His rank aspire?
Co-equal can His best man be;
The Bride, too—of what race is she?

The Bridegroom is the Son of God,
Who rules all creatures. At His nod,
Things are, they cease, they come, they go
His love is joy, His curse is woe.

His best man cannot equal prove,
Being a Creature formed through love;
The Bride, too, is a mystery—
Of fallen race her pedigree.

Why was she raised, His Throne to share?
Who could her mind for it prepare?
The first I cannot answer thee,
Her tutor must the Spirit be.

Who the Spirit—whence proceeding?
Why its power was she needing?
Her race, once perfect, fell through sin;
And *darkness* reigned their souls within.

The Holy Spirit in His might
Came forth from God, and there was light;
The Bride received Him—thence her power;
Eternal joy, is now her dower.

Questions I cannot answer more;
But those who reach yon blessed shore,
While worshipping the Trinity,
Will understand the mystery. (Rev. x. 7)

"GOOD STEWARDS OF THE MANIFOLD GIFTS OF GOD."

MANIFOLD are the gifts of God,
And stewards of those gifts are we;
At the last day who will be found
Prov'd good before that God to be?

First—a good steward, Lord, am I?
Do I from morn till eve obey
The law of love, and try and prove
Holiness is a happy way?

Have I ill-used Thy creatures here?
From selfishness employed their toil,
Till cries for help to Thee were heard?
Does wrath poured out, on me recoil?

Forgive me all my gifts misused;
In future, bless each thought and deed;
A loving heart create in me,
Willing to help in time of need.

Reader, you too must give account;
These questions will be asked of thee;
Do answer them while there is time—
Too late to change it soon may be.

"As a man sows, so shall he reap."
Once Harvest come—(that last Great Day),
Chaff will be severed from the wheat,
Then burnt to ash, and cast away.

If you have used God's gifts for good,
Your Harvest will be one of glee;
If *cursing*, *beating*, *drinking*, found,
Your reaping will be misery.

Oh! ponder well these fearful truths;
Love all entrusted to your care;
Remember, *God loves all he makes*,
And wishes *all that love to share.*

HEALTH.

What is Health? To me it seems to be what
Adam must have felt when first created—
All energy and joy, each faculty
Delighted. At every effort, increased
Strength—exhilarating all existence.
Great desire for useful occupation.
Each sound harmonious—all Nature praise;
Extended gaze, a demonstration of
The beauty of the vast material
Revolving round; aroused from contemplation
To a swift vivacity; delighting
In each fresh devolopment of Nature
Without satiety, and fear unknown.
Such, a faint sketch of what I think was health
Before disease, brought on by Eve's sad fall,
Caused weakness, death, alarm, and other ills
To take from all enjoyment and repose.
Climb up Mont Blanc, how vast the grand display
Of snow-capped peaks and rainbow colouring!
It is glittering beauty everywhere.
Who can describe it? What glowing sunlight!
Ice shining with celestial rays—and night,
Perhaps more grand than all, exhibiting
The clear blue sky inlaid with golden orbs,
And Moon in her full splendour, shining in
The borrowed garment of the setting sun.
What more is wanted to complete the scene?
Soon dazzled eyes and wearied limbs, make man

Remember all is marred and sullied by
The fall. Proverbial, no treat without
A drawback—evanescent every joy.
  Earth, doomed with all its frail inhabitants ;
Pleasures for a season, but how short ! and
Terrors, lasting long and smothering round,
Until the stroke of death convinces all—
That health departed and returned not when
Adam, by his fatal breach of order,
For ever disaranged a perfect frame.
Darken'd by sin and ill-informed,
  My mind, untutor'd, seeks for light ;
Spirit of Wisdom, Holy One,
  Lend me Thine aid and guide me right.
I would throw off my sin-stain'd rags,
  And garments white rejoice to wear ;
In righteousness and light well cloth'd,
  Deformity would disappear.
Redeck'd without, renew'd within,
  I should be fit for regal halls ;
Prepared when called to take a place
  Within my Maker's palace walls.
There, still improving, learning more
  Of that sweet love that sav'd my race ;
From glory unto glory changed (2 Cor. iii 18)
  Through seeing my Redeemer's face

AFTER A DROUGHT.

Dry—parched up—the earth looked weary ;
There fell on it a gracious rain :
Soon all chang'd, and seem'd quite cheery—
The feather'd warblers sang again.

Expanding flow'rs and rip'ning fruit
Resulted from that gift divine.
All creatures clapp'd their hands for joy,
Exulting in the bright sunshine.

No longer green and fresh are we—
Wither'd and callous through our sin ;
We ask, instead of burning wrath,
Some living water pour'd within.

Our dry bones want the Spirits aid—
When breath'd on us, we spring again—
Our wither'd roots with it refresh'd,
Will not entomb'd by sin remain.

Waters of salvation shower,
Sustain us, Saviour, in Thy love ;
Then ever green may we abide,
Warm'd, but not scorch'd, in realms above.

When we have passed away from earth,
And left this scene of fleeting mirth,
Will glory, glory, glory !
Be the high anthem we shall sing?
Or, will the lower region ring
With wails at our sad story.

Will holy angels shout in joy,
In regions that know no alloy,
  At our escape from anguish?
Or, will the fallen ones delight
To see our terror and affright,
  While we in horrors languish?

Will God to us His arms extend,
Proving a true and lasting friend,
  When all on earth has vanished?
  Or, must our end be misery;
Fearful to think of and to see;
  Far from His presence banished?

It all depends on what we choose
What we accept, and what refuse;
  God offers us Salvation.
Now, is the time to take the gift;
Towards our *end* we quickly drift;
  None alter at death's station.

What we have been, how lived, what done,
Whether a curse or blessing won,
  In this state of probation,
Will fix *eternally* our fate;
Make joy or misery our state—
  So ends this dissertation.

APOSTASY.

If great Britain turns apostate,
She soon sunk in wrath may be;
And the broad Atlantic waters
Clasp their hands with German Sea.

Of that highly favoured Island
Not be found the smallest grain,
No ripple *even* left to show
Her dark grave beneath the main.

A CRUEL MAN.

A cruel man can never be (Psalm vi. 6)
Really a child of God;
For He is good whose name is Love,
The vile shall feel His rod.

His bow is bent, His arrows fall,
No one His wrath can stay;
If He should rise, and vengeance take,
Where can they hide away?

Where is the rock He cannot rend,
Who earth's foundations laid?
Where is the flood He cannot dry?
The deepest depth He made.

No rock can hide the sinner's face
From Him who formed us all;
Then cruel and blood-thirsty men
His presence will appal.

See you that creature, called a man,
Tormenting feeble things,
Without a tongue to ask for help?
Think; angels with swift wings

Fly upward, to the throne of love,
And make the matter known;
Relate the horrid sickening scene,
How man like fiend has grown!

Wait; as he soweth he shall reap,
The day will quickly come
When tares will severed be from wheat,
At the great Harvest-Home. (Matt. xii. 40 44)

Wait; what thou understandest not,
In time shall be made clear;
The wicked shall not always reign,
Christ's kingdom draweth near.

No one shall then destroy or hurt,
Destroyers will be dead; (Isaiah xi. 9)
All flesh have rest, and cease to fear,
No groans—but songs instead.

For in the bottomless dark pit,
The cruel man shall sink;
The cup of wrath for him is mixed,
Its dregs his only drink.

No drop of water there shall cool
His parched and darken'd frame;
He disappears, we know not where;
Thus ends a life of shame!

ISAIAH lxiii. 3.

ALONE hath he trodden the wine-press,
No people were found with Him there;
From Edom He came with dyed garments, (v. 1)
His visage was furrowed with care.

All glorious in His apparel, (v. 1)
In righteousness mighty to save;
Yet treading His foes down in fury, (v. 3)
All hopeless they sink to the grave.

Their blood sprinkled over His raiment,
A witness against them must stand;
They loved not the Lord or His people,
And hated the fair promised land.

Through love He came down to redeem them;
For *that*, left His Father's bright throne;
When crucified, spit on, reviled not—
His friends even left Him alone.

With sorrow we ought to record it,
And wonder at love so divine;
And try never more to distress Him,
But brighter and brighter to shine.

In word and in deed may we own Him,
Though foes rage in fury around,
Cling close to His side and adore Him,
And ever in good deeds abound.

LUKE xxiv. 32.

Does my heart burn within
When Jesus in the Scriptures talks to me?
Lord do I loathe all sin,
And wish for ever to abide in Thee?

Oh, with me do abide, (v. 29)
My day is swiftly drawing to a close;
Let me for ever hide
In Thee, my consolation and repose.

May my eyes opened be! (v. 31)
Tarry with me until the break of day,
By faith Thy form I see,
Vanish not yet awhile—pass not away.

Draw nigh, draw nigh, belov'd!
Upon Thy bosom let me lay my head,
Never to be removed,
(No never—though the world may think me dead).

Till rais'd above the sky,
(Finding the Lord of Hosts is all mine own),
Never again to sigh;
Set down to rest for aye upon Thy throne.

CHRISTMAS.

DARKEN'D my windows,
Yet a glimmer can I see afar,
Bright'ning the shadows—
Oh! I know it is the morning star.

Rise in Thy beauty,
Bid the misty gloom and shadows flee;
Son of my Father,
Concentrate all earthly love in Thee.

Born in a stable,
Not disdaining with the beasts to sleep!
Laid in a manger,
(*Palace that where Thou didst choose to keep*).

Lord of all power,
God of heaven, earth, and *dark deep hell!*
Thyself didst lower,
And to save us came on earth to dwell.

May I dwell *with Thee*
When this weary life has passed away;
Thy face ever see,
Sun of Righteousness, in endless day!

A WISH.

MOTHER, I would in sunshine live,
Dress gaily and have much to give,
Have much to spend in mirth and glee,
And yet, dear mother, not lose thee.

My child, my heart is fix'd above,
My hope is in the God of love;
For us to journey hand in hand,
And settle in the better land.
You must another wish express,
Lower your love for costly dress;
In humble garments try to shine,
Follow a pattern more divine;
Not set your heart on golden store,
But self-deny and feed the poor.
Seek not gay company, but find
In wisdom's way true peace of mind;
Forget not cheerful friends depart,
Leaving a sad and lonely heart;
Changed by the Spirit, you and I,
May earthly griefs and foes defy;
Leave with our dust all coarser joy,
And enter bliss without alloy.

GEHAZI.

(2 *Kings v.* 20—27.)

WHENCE comest thou, Gehazi?
"Not hence thy servant went."
Think! went not mine heart with thee?
Thy time thou hast misspent.

"Thy servant went no whither.'
Gehazi thou wast *seen!*
To take gifts and fine clothing,
Something besides, I ween.

Thy heart spake thus—I know it,
"This man my master spared,
Somewhat I will take of him"—
Somewhat there is prepared.

Leprosy!—yes, leprosy!
Like Naaman's shall be
The *somewhat* unexpected,
Bestowed, *unasked*, on thee.

Out from the Prophet's presence
He went as white as snow,
And gifts and costly raiment,
Were useless to him now.

How many, like Gehazi,
Love finery and gold,
Think no one sees their cunning;
Lie, like that man of old.

Yet God above is watching;
Who can escape His eye?
He counteracts their cunning
And notes down every lie!

For such, *no* pure white clothing;
The leprosy of sin
To them for ever cleaving,
Will poison all within.

EASTER MORN.

Behold! I see a new-made tomb,
From it the stone is rolled away;
The men who should have guarded it,
Now prostrate lie in deep dismay.

Whose splendid form is rising there,
Enveloped in celestial dress?
The Royal Child of Bethlehem,
The Mighty Lord, Our Righteousness!

He sits above in glory now,
As God upon His Father's throne;
And soon will come again to claim
All tribes and nations as His own.

Astonished sinners then will see
The Man on Calvary once slain ;
And try and hide in rock and cave,
From Him who in the tomb had lain.

And God must say, " Depart ye cursed ! "
For Satan whom they served so well,
Will claim them as his slaves below—
How sad their lot, what tongue can tell ?

Oh God ! my God, High Priest and King !
When Heaven with shouts of praise shall sound,
May I with joy lift up my head,
And rise admiring from the ground.

May I through Thee who once wast dead,
Pass Heaven's now open gates and see
Thee seated as the Conqueror,
Who captive led captivity.

ALIENS FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF ISRAEL.

(*Eph.* ii. 12.)

Lord, let me not an alien be
From commonwealth bestowed by Thee—
That commonwealth enough for all ;
Give ears to hear Thy loving call.

"Ho, everyone!" then I am one
Who may become Thy child, Thy son;
"Ho, every one!" stop passer by,
Do pray give ear; that loving cry

Means you—means me—means high and low.
Stop! "Come to me," I will bestow
Something this world can never give,
And make it worth your while to live.

Not mere existence, oh! much more—
Love, peace, continuance, endless store;
A mansion built above the sky,
Round which Elysian fields do lie.

Green with fresh waters—for up there
Rivers of life a tree prepare,
That heals all sickness with its leaves,
And every aching heart relieves.

A home where Jesus Christ is King,
A home where e'en archangels sing,
Where commonwealth is shared by all,
And God himself lights up the hall

A home of joy, a home of love,
Hovering over all a *Dove;*
A flag of peace and royalty
That *Dove* holds forth for all to see.

Hark to the sounds of mirth and glee!
The cause of it shall I tell thee?
The wedding of the Heir goes on,
The nuptials of God's only Son.

The Church, His Bride, is dressed in white,
A ravishing enchanting sight ;
With crown of stars and gems most rare,
She sits enthroned in beauty there.

A wedding garment seek in haste,
Step in, sit down, its banquets taste ;
Uncommon wealth enjoyed by all,
For ever gilds that Bridal Hall.

REVELATION xix. 11, &c.

Lord, tune my harp that I may sing
A hymn of praise to Israel's King ;
Like Miriam's let my stanza be
A shout, a sound of victory !

Trumpets, trumpets, call to battles,
Gog's and Magog's armour rattles ;
The eagles gather all around,
And earth's four corners hear the sound.

A captain on a snow white steed,
Rides forth to conquer and to lead
A chosen few, who served him here,
Through every trial, grief and fear.

He had a name which no man knew,
But he Himself, the Wise—the True,
His vesture too was dipped in blood,
His name is called "The Word of God."

While many crowns adorn His head,
His two-edged sword strikes nations dead;
His eyes also, like flaming fire,
Consumes them with relentless ire. (Rev. xix. 17, 18)

Strange birds come swooping down to feast
On carcases of man and beast;
The rivulets with blood are mixed,
The lookers on with awe transfixed.

The dead awake—how loud the strain
That ushers in Messiah's reign;
The herald Angel's trumpet blows,
Man's sleeping frame with new life glows.

Some rise with joy to mirth and glee,
Others to sink in misery.
Lord, let Thy mercy light on me,
Delighted may I welcome Thee.

Thou King of Kings that rul'st on high,
Thou Lord of Lords above the sky,
All in heaven and earth adore Thee,
Prostrate all flesh falls before Thee.

Alleluiah—trophies all bring,
Alleluiah—great and small sing,
Alleluiah—ceased all sighing,
Alleluiah—no more dying.

Alleluiah—all explained,
Alleluiah—heaven regained;
Peaceful now the land called Beulah, (Isaiah lxii. 4)
Alleluiah! Alleluiah!

DECAY.

Decay! what art thou? terrible decay!
All things we see created fade away,
Incorporated with all life and birth,
Destructive of all things upon this earth.
Art thou then coeval with creation?
Is there no position here, or station
Can exempt a particle or fraction
From thy universal curse and action.

Decay—though dire, detested, as thou art,
A time shall come when thou too must depart.
A power above thee we shall one day see,
Has issued forth this sure and firm decree:
"There shall be no more death," it shall not be.
So, if Divinity has sealed thy doom,
The faithful know for sure, a lasting tomb
Must swallow up and one day cover thee,
Thou thing abhorred of all humanity.

JONAH.

How strange to think a prophet dare
His great Creator's face to flee;
More strange to think a place in space
Was where his Maker could not see.

And yet the prophet Jonah fled,
And took a ship to cross the sea;
Forgetting that its angry waves
A rebel's tomb were like to be.

For three long days beneath the deep,
In fish's belly dark laid he;
How horrible methinks his state—
May no such terror fall on me.

He who had lain asleep on board
When heathen sailors feared and prayed,
Then called on his insulted Lord,
Yet still beneath the waves he stayed.

How long—how long, no doubt, he cried,
Must I thus roam no light to see?
How like the lost in hell my fate!
Oh! can there yet be hope for me?

How dark, how strange this floating grave,
What will the end of it all be?
Would I had gone to Nineveh;
How terrible thou art, thou sea!

Still dark and long, day after day,
Night after night, he glided by,
What ne'er was seen by mortal man,
Yet safe beneath his Maker's eye.

The fish, unlike his rebel freight,
Was glad Jehovah to obey;
Jonah (with his strength expelling),
Quick on the dry land wond'ring lay.

He little thought he was a type
Of our Redeemer then to be,
Who left pure light on earth to roam,
In sorrow, gloom, and poverty.

Hid in the bowels of the earth,
Sleeping within that new made grave,
Like Jonah, bearing sin's sad curse,
Was He who came mankind to save.

Upon the third appointed day,
Flung open was the prison door;
He rose in beauty from the tomb,
And now He lives to die no more.

In heaven He sits—our surety there—
To plead our cause at God's right hand;
And if we do His bidding here,
Will welcome us to that bright land.

But those who disobey must sink
To regions where there is no light;
Fare worse than Jonah, as no hope
Can cheer that long eternal night.

JOEL iii. 9.

PROCLAIM among the Gentiles *war!*
Wake up the mighty men!
Draw near, draw near, ye armour clad,
Strong foes lurk in their den.

(10th verse.)

Your ploughshares into swords now beat,
Melt pruning-hooks as well,
Spears will be wanted, quickly smelt;
What for? I prithee tell.

(14th verse.)

In the valley of decision,
See the mulititudes arrive;
The great day of the Lord is near,
Who will that day survive?

Great multitudes! vast multitudes!
How terrible the sound!
The sun and moon like sack-cloth look,
Spreading dismay around.

(16th verse.)

The heavens and earth all shaking round,
Jehovah's voice they heard,
His people's hope He then will be,
Such is the written word.

(18th verse.)

If I with his loved children join,
For me pure streams shall flow ;
The mountains, too, will drop with wine,
My heart with it shall glow.

Help me to drink it new with Thee
My Saviour and my Lord ;
Until those awful scenes are past,
Preventing grace afford.

Then, with Thee may I ever dwell
Jerusalem my home,
In life, in death, my all in all,
Come, blest Redeemer come.

ISAIAH lii. 7.

Jerusalem a resting place,
Thou city built on high ;
Thine owner is the Prince of Peace,
His reign is drawing nigh.

Trodden by sinners under foot,
Salem's heaped stones I see ;
How long, how long, shall Zion mourn ?
Her children captive be ?

Look up upon the mountains—spy
The Messenger of Peace;
Sent by the King of kings is He,
The pris'ners to release.

How beautiful His feet appear!
Like burnished brass they shine;
Hark to His message—"war has ceased,"
The conqu'ror is divine.

His power is absolute; His sway
None shall again oppose;
The Crucified the victor is,
Fall'n Satan and his foes.

The white flag floats o'er Judah's halls,
Their Lion seized the prey;
The powers of darkness, terror-struck,
His angels drive away.

Triumphant over death and hell,
The Prince of Peace shall reign;
How beautiful the messengers
And foll'wers in His train.

Ah! those who many turned to God
Then bright as stars shall shine,
All rad'ant round the Conqueror,
In majesty divine.

FOAL AND HORSE.

Sprightly, elegant, beautiful, frolicsome foal,
Trotting, jumping so gaily, thy mother the goal
Where thy racing is ended, and then by her side,
Looking up in great beauty, her darling, her pride.

What a mercy she can't see the sad fate in store
For her loved little nurseling, whose lot I deplore;
For as soon as he grows up bad treatment will he
Be most sure to fall in with, quite grievous to see.

And that sad mass of bones, just now passing my door,
With a face full of woe, scarce with skin covered o'er,
With two legs out of four, beaten, bruised, broken down,
By a fiend, called a man—a disgrace to a town—

Was a sweet little foal, at first, blithesome and gay,
Once the pride of its owner, who sold it away
For a *pittance, a trifle,* when it could not go
Quite so well as when young: who's the man, do you know?

As a curse for ill-usage, if God caused to fall
A disease on all horses, the great and the small,
So that none should remain—could vain man get along
Could he do all the work, if quite healthy and strong?

Though the healthy and strong, perhaps great things might do,
Yet a far greater part their destruction would rue;
And no doubt that they all would lament the sad day,
If the Lord, in his wrath, took their horses away!

THE OLD DOG.*

WHAT means that very doleful noise,
And whining sound I hear?
The master is gone out of town,
And left poor Carlo there.

The old and faithful dog, true friend,
Would always like to stay
Close to his owner's much loved side,
And guard him every way.

Why is that aged heart so sad?
Why day and night that moan?
Has not the master yet returned?
How piteous that groan!

Oh yes! he is again in town;
But now cares not to see
His old, his true and faithful dog—
What can the reason be?

A lady gave to Mr. Self
A present while away—
A very handsome high-bred pup;
He plays with it all day.

Poor lonely Carlo hears the voice,
To him so loved, so dear,
Keep calling to the new-come pet,
Not strange those tones so dear.

* Founded on fact.

Methinks, if he had power to speak,
We all should hear him say,
Loved one, loved one, my heart will break—
My old frame quickly slay.

But let it be my master's hand
That puts me in the grave—
A nobler, truer, better friend,
I know he'll never have.

I watched his eye, I took his blows;
I did not care for that;
I thought it quite a sacred trust
To fetch his gloves or hat.

How proud he looked when I had done
Some trick I had been taught;
I little thought in one short day
His love would come to naught.

Poor master! there will come a day
When you lament, like me,
The loss of your best earthly friend—
Then I would be with thee.

THE BRIDE OF HEAVEN.

In gorgeous robe of dazzling white,
Aroused from slumber in the night,
All spangled with celestial sheen,
The Bride of Heaven now is seen.

(*Rev.* xii. 1.)
Twelve stars, like diamonds, deck her brow ;
The sun's warm rays around her glow ;
Her feet upon the moonbeams rest ;
All radiant is her heaven-made vest.

All bright without, all pure within,
Her royal nuptials now begin ; (Rev. xix. 7)
No veil she wears, for face to face,
She meets the Bridegroom's fond embrace.

All precious stones of every hue (Rev. xxi. 18)
We in that festal chamber view ;
The walls of gold so pure, so bright,
A contrast to earth's dismal night.

The angel decorators there,
Arrange the scene with loving care,
And sparkling gems' reflected light,
Astonish the enraptured sight.

Of massive pearls the doors composed,
And these (we read) are never closed, (Rev. xxi. 25)
As peace and safety reign within,
No cause for fear—no guest can sin.

Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen,
The mind of man cannot take in
The pleasures which for evermore
Await the Bride on that safe shore.

When, after sorrow, grief and care,
She sits enthroned in beauty there,
Kings with their glory to her bring (Rev. xxi. 24)
And at her feet their trophies fling.

Around her, crystal waters flow,
And healing leaves beside her grow;
The tree of life is hers to eat,
And thus her happiness complete.

Brothers and sisters, you and I
Are guests invited; let us try
By every means within our power
To *robe* and wait the appointed hour.

Let us not sleep until the sound—
"The Bridegroom comes!" our ears astound;
May ev'ry heart prepare a song,
That joyous time cannot be long.

"Behold He comes!" His people hear,
Awake from dust, give one loud cheer;
The Bride herself hath ready made,
The angels lend their willing aid.

"Behold He comes!" the Lamb once slain,
The lost from Satan to regain;
"Arise, my fair one," hear Him say,
Share now my throne in endless day.

Glory, honour, worship, power,
Be unto Him from this hour ;
Most worthy is He to receive,
The praise that all now gladly give.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Let all creation henceforth raise
An everlasting song of praise.

ISAIAH ii. 4.

A TIME shall come when *Hooks* shall be,
Instead of *Spears*, in use by all,
And *Swords* as Ploughshares till the ground,
And foes no more through wrath shall fall ;

War fearful war, shall cease to be,
And Peace and Plenty will abound,
When Righteousness shall fill the earth,
And love to God be all around.

Hasten, oh Lord ! that glorious day,
When sin and death no more shall be,
Sweet *Love* shall take the place of strife,
And all the world have *Peace* in Thee.

THE HILL OF HERMON.

Oh, Lord of Hosts, on me Thy blessing pour,
Thy blessing pour;
Abundantly refreshing me,
As dew upon the little hill of Hermon.

For me, oh Lord of Hosts, Thy treasures store,
Thy treasures store;
Enriching me exceedingly,
Like verdure on the little hill of Hermon.

When earth, oh Lord of Hosts, shall be no more,
Shall be no more;
In me may all the ransomed see
A raised delight, as now the hill of Hermon.

Then, Lord of Hosts, when safe on yonder shore,
On yonder shore;
With Thee I ever green shall be,
Like grass upon the little hill of Hermon.

SCIENCE AND REVELATION.

Science and Revelation
Some say cannot accord;
In this state of probation,
I trust the written Word

If man and all rotation
  Depend on one great God;
A future emendation
  Agreement will record.

When clever men grow wiser,
  Their wisdom they will see
Was feeble, weak, and child-like,
  That made them disagree.

As time reveals more secrets,
  All mystery will flee; (Rev. x. 7)
Man then will own his weakness,
  And God exalted be.

LITTLE NELLIE.

Fiercely was the north wind blowing,
  Gloomily the pale moon rose,
Flakes of snow were slowly falling
  On the pavement, where they froze.

There poor Nellie sat bewildered,
  Weak and sickly, starved and thin,
Shoeless, ill-clad, cold and friendless;
  Sad the heart, that frame within.

Mother told me—thus she wandered,
Just before she went away—
God above would be my Father,
And would ever near me stay.

Who is God in Heav'n, I wonder?
Father left us long ago;
Mother cried, and called us friendless;
What she meant I do not know.

How I wish that God in heaven
Was my father, and was near;
He would take me home, and love me,
Then I should see mother dear.

Oh, I am so cold—so sleepy;
Oh, sweet mother—father—hear;
I am dying, lost—oh, help me—
Some one send my heart to cheer!

Hope—that coal which burns the longest
Turned to ash and cinder, dim—
Left the little unloved straggler,
Motionless in mind and limb.

Mr Lovell then came near her,
Wond'ring what stopped up the way,
Shouting, Police! who've you got here?
Bundle this of rags and clay!

Don't know, sir—some little outcast—
Frozen, too, she seems to be.
Frozen, man?—I don't believe it!
Look! she breathes—not dead you see!

Quickly help me—there's a Refuge
Somewhere in a street close by—
Number 1, sir—I well know it;
It is full, but we can try.

Gently in his arms he took her;
That strong, kind, but gentle man;
Stood at Number 1 imploring;
Take her in, do—if you can.

Full, sir, full, I do assure you,
One before has been to night;
Nearly dead—but we refused her,
She was in a dreadful plight.

Just then passed the kind, good matron—
Mr. Lovell knew her well;
With his burden—he thought dying,
In he rushed, his tale to tell.

Look! I found her frozen, speechless;
All but dead—she soon will sink
If you do not warm and house her;
Give her quickly some warm drink!

Thank you; see her eyes are op'ning;
Hark! what whisper do I hear—
"Are these Father's angels, mother?
Is this heaven—are you near?"

Little one, I am no angel,
But, as mother, I will try
To befriend, and love, and teach you;
And that lost one's place supply.

Leave her, Mr. Lovell, leave her,
See no fear—I will attend ;
God I know will bless your effort,
And the little one defend.

Paler grew the sickly stranger,
But she dearly loved her home ;
Close to her new mother clinging,
Far she did not care to roam.

Listening to the love of Jesus,
She would sit in rapt delight ;
Long to go above and join Him ;
Wonder at his power and might.

Soon the summons came—spring found her
Loving more, but fading fast ;
Ere the summer sun could warm her,
Little Nellie breathed her last.

Those who now seek little Nellie,
Only a green grave will find ;
Whiter than the snow—her clothing ;
Far she dwells from wintry wind.

Safely past through Jordan's river,
Raised above its storms and flood ;
Wrapt she is in splendid raiment,
Purchased with her Saviour's blood.

Resting calmly on His bosom,
Folded in His arms of love ;
Now a shining star is Nellie,
Twinkling in the world above.

THE OLD HORSE'S PETITION.

MASTER, master, have I not served thee—
  Laboured and worked for thee night and day?
Why, worn out, will you beat and sell me?
  Grant me one favour—my old frame slay.

Master, master, deeply I love thee;
  A little longer bear with me, pray;
Sell me not to a brutal stranger;
  In my old pasture, my body lay.

Let me not leave my warm good stable
  To perish upon the marsh close by;
How I would serve thee, if more able—
  Grant my last wish, attend to my cry!

My feeble eyes turn with hope on thee;
  If heeded not, I in grief shall die;
Think, as you sow be sure you will reap,
  And *blest* or *curst* in *your grave* must lie.

THE JEWS.

YOU, who doubt the truth of Scripture,
  Pray, tell me then, who are the Jews?
Scattered in all lands and nations,
  Pray, why their evidence refuse?

I believe what Scripture tells me;
God proclaimed to Abraham's seed,
They should be His chosen people—
A flock that He Himself would feed.

For two thousand years He kept them,
Secluded quite from Gentile race;
Sinai's pure law was given
By Him to Moses, face to face.

Then came the scene on Calvary,
Which made their name a curse around;
For though He died to set them free,
Few to believe it could be found.

Their prophets, in their books of old,
Said when He came they would not see;
Their eyes were blinded, we are told—
Deep sunk in sin and misery.

It seems to me, you, too, are blind;
Are they not daily gaining ground?
We find them now in every land,
And well-nigh ruling all around.

Their music is most sweet to hear;
Jews were Rossini and Mozart,
Mendelssohn, too, and Meyerbeer;
Grisi, in song, could charm the heart.

The funds their princes hold in hand;
Their merchants trade both near and far;
Ill-used and robbed they long have been,
Yet wealthy now they surely are.

In Germany, who has great sway?
Prince Bismarck, most will answer me;
Our own prime minister retains
A name that shows his pedigree.

The sceptre Judah shall regain;
The trumpet sounds—the sceptic see
God, on Mount Sion, come to reign—
And ended all this mystery. (Rev. x. 7)

Like to Arethusa's fountain,
The Jews will surely reappear;
Out of the depths emerge again,
And then Messiah gladly hear.

Though oft pursued and trodden down
And most unmercifully slain;
Unmingled with the nations round,
They shall their heritage regain.

Above the average we find
Their faculties in craft and art;
All tongues they speak, all people know;
Prepared to take a ruling part.

A chosen people raised to last
When other races sink away;
Nations shall cease, and kingdoms fall,
But Israel abides for aye.

Who after this will dare to say,
They naught in this strange people see?
Do they not prove the Scripture true,
And throw a light on history?

CALVARY.

When I see that Heart so gory,
That blood *shed for me*,
I mourn at the sad story
Of dark Calvary.

Looking at that form so slighted,
Worn and *slain for me*,
I feel by sin so blighted—
Deep mystery!

If that face, with glory lighted,
Ever welcomes me,
I shall be so delighted—
Ecstasy!

ADVENT.

Soon will the last trumpet sound,
Startling all the dead around;
Christ, on Calvary once slain,
Will return to earth and reign.

Must I meet Him? can I fly?
Hiding-place is there close by?
Have I served Him? is He mine?
Do I fear that bright sunshine?

Have I known Him, and ashamed,
Fled, when His blest cause was named?
Or, insulted, have I stood
When repeating God is good?

If so, then I need not fear
Trumpet sounding in my ear;
Music sweet it ought to be,
As it brings a *note* to me,

Saying, "dear one, I shall be
Glad to have thy company;
For festivities prepare,
As my wedding day is near."

Shall I go, and say, give me
Passport for eternity?
Or prefer in sin to sit
For the judgment day unfit?

I must think, for here below,
Ladies fair and soft-tongued beau,
Meet and make a company,
With attraction great to me.

Will they in that day of gloom,
Help me out of this world's tomb?
Can they then real comfort give,
When all flesh has ceased to live?

Much I fear it; I decide,
With my Saviour to abide,
For His love will comfort me
When the heaven and earth shall flee.

God, my Father, holds on high,
Festival, and calls all nigh,
Those who served Him here below,
Upwards, loved ones, with me go.

Yonder in the land of love
Sits my Father with the *Dove*,
Sign of wrath appeased, and peace,
Signing captives' quick release.

Do determine now to leave
All that can the Spirit grieve ;
Watch and wait the midnight cry
Robed and fitted for the sky.

THE ORPHAN BOY AND HIS DOG.

Lonely he sat, that careworn boy;
Thin were the hands pressed round his head ;
Sad was his retrospect of life—
Father and mother cold and dead !

Long had they struggled on to live,
Sickness and poverty prevailed ;
The father first had passed away,
The mother's health at last had failed.

Poor Allen's slender frame could earn
But little to keep up the rent;
All he brought home was quickly gone,
Yet while she lived he was content.

That dark old room had been a home;
Now all was changed, where should he go?
Whom could he serve, who wanted him?
Oh! how he wondered what to do

One faithful friend there yet remained,
Drawing with fond caresses nigh—
Tinker—a little mongrel cur;
Grieving he sat and marked each sigh.

Woeful the little creature looked,
Wondering at the tearful eye,
Licking the hand oft pressed on him,
Then sinking down despondingly.

Tinker had once been friendless too,
But Allen found him starved and cold,
Then shared with him his scanty fare,
Repaid he was *with love untold.*

Where'er he went his faithful dog,
He meant should have a piece of bread;
Living, that morsel should be shared,
Then came the thought—*would both were dead!*

Dark was the sky, the snow fell fast,
Loud howled the angry wintry wind;
None to take pity did he meet,
None to employ him could he find.

Day after day he sought in vain
To earn enough for both to live;
Weaker he grew, and sinking fast,
He asked an alms, *but none would give.*

Then tightly in his arms would clasp
That half-starved cur and fall asleep;
Rise up, and wander on again,
Nature exhausted, ceased to weep.

Colder and colder both became,
Closer and closer drew they near;
First sank the orphan boy to rest—
A wailing cry fell on the ear!

Up came a manly form—too late!
The vital spark, alas! had fled;
He tried to rouse the icy form,
But all in vain—the child was dead.

Someone to bury him was sought,
Covered he was in hallowed ground;
When all was over, near the spot,
A little pining cur was found.

Why was the little creature sad?
Why did it give that mournful cry?
Its loved, its only friend was *there*,
And there it was resolved to die.

The same kind stranger took it up;
It struggled to regain the grave,
He bought it food, it would not eat,
Nothing he gave it would it have.

At last he understood its grief,
And soothed it in its master's stead—
Pressed it quite gently to his breast,
Heard one deep sigh—*it too was dead!*

A QUESTION.

HAVE you ever thought what life is?
What it is to come and go?
Little do we know of either—
Is it joy, or is it woe?

Joy, if we are true believers,
Living as we ought to do;
Woe, if thoughtless self-deceivers,
Caring not the truth to know.

Joy, if when our race is ended,
We shall rise to endless day;
Woe, if wrath on us descended,
Leaves us hopeless in dismay.

It would be wise while wandering
In this world so insecure,
To spend a time in pondering
On the things that will endure.

Then, though little of the future,
After all, we here can know,
Surely right ways lead to pleasure;
Others *terminate* in woe.

A SANDY FOUNDATION.

A YOUTH, possessed of gold and store,
A castle built in days of yore;
The fresh sea-breezes cooled the air,
And all things round looked gay and fair.
Many, no doubt, there gazed awhile,
And envied that grand stately pile.
Five stories high, and decked by him
To satisfy each sense and whim;
With easy chairs and beds of down,
Pictures by masters of renown,
Carpets from distant lands for feet,
Gems for the gayest ladies meet.
Of strange device the costly plate!
(Much more than I can here relate.)
Mirrors reflected all around
The luxuries that did abound;
Exotics, too, raised up with care
From hot-houses, perfumed the air.
The grounds, so tastefully laid out
With shrubs and flowers mixed about,
Surrounded this enchanting hall—
Who was the master of it all?
His name was never told to me,
And never may be known to thee.
But I have heard a storm arose,
Which broke its owner's deep repose;
The floods rose up, the waves ran high,
And quickly drew the mansion nigh;

The thunder roared, the lightning glared;
Ill with the structure then it fared;
It being built upon the sand,
Not on the *rock* (so near at hand),
It quickly fell—its fall was great—
Its builder learned the truth too late.

ON SEEING A BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY RISE FROM THE EARTH AND FLY AWAY.

(*Isaiah* xli. 14.)

"FEAR thou not, thou worm Jacob," my Father hath said;
"Fear thou not," for a blessing shall fall on thy head;
On My hands art thou graven—paid for, thou art Mine—
In thy *butterfly glory thou surely shalt shine.
Shall an earth-worm—a thing, frail and weakly, like me—
Ever reign up in glory, my Father, with Thee?
Shall the state I next rise in be lovely and fine?
Will my clothing be gorgeous and shining like Thine?
It is written, and finished, and sealed the decree,
That a worm of the earth My beloved shall be;
Born again, and made new—clothed in beauty most fair—
You for ever and ever My kingdom shall share.

* Resurrection garment.

MY FLOWERS.

My flowers look so gay around,
And lovely verdure decks the ground;
The birds sing sweetly in the air,
And seemingly quite free from care.

The sky above is clear and blue—
If we were kind and good and true,
How beautiful this earth would be!
A Paradise to you and me.

Alas! this scene, so bright, so fair,
Is marred by sin—so grief and care,
Some great affliction, or sad sound,
In nearly every spot is found.

The whole creation groans, we read;
And earth's Redeemer, now, we need
To come, and quickly take the reins,
And shiver Satan's cruel chains.

When the Restorer of the breach
Has evil put beyond our reach,
Renewed the earth, the wicked slain,
And come in pomp and power to reign—

One great hosanna then shall rise
From all creation; in the skies
Reverberated praise shall be
Revolving round the Deity.

The morning stars again shall sing;
The birds float safely on the wing;
The lion and the ox shall feed
Upon the ever-verdant mead.

(No horse, a mass of skin and bone,
Beneath a cruel owner groan;
No dog an unkind master fear;
No sound of wrath shall any hear.)

How sweetly then will flowers bloom;
The gladdened earth be one large room—
A palace of the King of kings,
Superbly decked with costly things.

The ransom'd round the throne shall stand,
And reign with Him in that blest land;
His sons and daughters brightly shine,
All radiant in light divine.

Angel attendants, bright and fair,
Will minister to comfort there;
All space be filled with signs of love—
One unmixed joy, that home above!

THE GLOW-WORM.

All dark and dreary is the night:
The lonely traveller feels afraid;
Dangers, he knows, beset his path;
He wishes he at home had stayed.

He cannot see the ditch or bridge;
When, suddenly, a tiny light,
Like little star, attracts his gaze,
And gladdens his bewildered sight.

How small the gleam that shows the road!
Whence comes that shining, sparkling ray,
That takes from off his heart a load,
And sends him joyous on his way?

The tiny glow-worm—can it be?
How came it by that lambent glare?
A worm—an ugly crawling thing—
Who did its lustrous lamp prepare?

God, its Creator, shone on it;
Its dark frame caught reflected light;
He uses thus the smallest things
To guide His erring children right.

Oh! may I as a glow-worm shine,
Though earth-clad, full of light within—
Supplied with oil from heav'n to burn,
Through this world's darkness mist and sin.

He calls His children worms of earth,
But bids them go on without fear,
Promising them unwearied aid,
And in all troubles to draw near.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

STRANGE bird, in the winter,
How sweetly you sing;
What good spirit taught you
Glad tidings to bring?

Who are you, whence come you?
My heart was depressed;
Thy warbling entranced me,
And lulled me to rest.

From heavenly regions
A message have you?
A carol for Christmas—
A song sweet and true?

All honour and glory
To Thee be on high,
Once Child in the manger,
Sent down from the sky—

A child, though the God-man,
Redeemer and King!
Sweet bird, I join with thee
His praises to sing.—*Christmas*, 1875.

REVELATION i. 7.

BEHOLD He comes in clouds,
And evr'y eye shall see;
Let those who pierced Him wail—
Accurs'd they then shall be.

May I delight to hail,
Thy second coming, Lord,
And that I may not fail,
Thy gracious aid afford.

All nations and all tongues,
Too long have despis'd Thee;
Shine on these darken'd tribes,
Light let there quickly be.

Alpha and Omega!
Almighty Holy One!
Illume our darken'd race;
Raise us, Thou First-born Son!

Draw from this bed of death
The spirit up on high;
Leave all the dross beneath,
Dead may it ever lie—

Never to rise again;
No more to cause a sigh;
Dead be the cause of death;
That time is drawing nigh.

"There shall be no more death!"
Spirit of darkness flee!
The sun is up and shines,
But shines no more on thee.

Clos'd in the deep abyss,
Tempter and tempted sink ;
Tophet, ordained of old,
Affords no cooling drink.

Thy messengers send forth,
To preach Thy Word with zeal,
And as they labour on,
Thy gracious Self reveal.

Then round Thee, group'd in love,
Exulting near Thy throne,
Secure Thy children keep :
Reigning Thou, God alone.

A SINCERE DESIRE.

GRANT that my rebellions turn not
Dew drops of Thy love to tears ;
My confessions, Saviour, spurn not,
Heal, forgive—ailay my fears.

Like the dried and sun-scorched mountain,
Fading I feel, through my sin ;
Oh ! Thou never failing fountain,
Living water pour within.

Then, like little Hermon's hill side,
I, refreshed and ever-green,
Hope to rise to Heav'n, Thy lov'd bride,
Radiant with celestial sheen.

THE DONKEY.

Poor donkey, poor donkey—not a pat, but a blow—
Is your lot while you travel your sad journey through ;
How the arms of your owner must ache from the strife,
Terminating alone with your sad jaded life.

Though scorned and ill-treated, *One* higher than me
Once rode thee in triumph; ah ! then none jeer'd at thee ;
How the multitude throng'd and the palms scatter'd round—
Hosanna ! they shouted, while prostrate on the ground.

They all thought themselves happy thy rider to see ;
I read of no other honour'd like unto thee.
Monarchs rode on white asses in days long gone by,
People thought when they saw them some great ones drew nigh.

Then children and people, whosoever you be,
Do reflect on my words, and attend to my plea—
Have more mercy, show pity, let all the world see
The poor donkey well treated by you and by me.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

JESUS, my life ; Jesus, my light—
The bright and morning star ;
Jesus, my health ; Jesus, my wealth—
Alpha and Omega.

Jesus, the Child of Bethlehem,
To thee the wise men came
To bring Thee myrrh and frankincense,
And praise Jehovah's name.

They knew the promised One Thou wert,
By prophets oft foretold ;
They thought no offering too great,
They gave Thee more than gold.

Their heartfelt praise they utter'd there,
Which made the angels sing ;
They knew *that* pleas'd their maker most ;
That offering *I* bring.

PRAISE.

ALL my powers worship Thee,
Holy Blessed Trinity ;
Lord of heaven, I adore Thee—
Prostrate falls my soul before Thee.

Thou, who highest angels praise,
My frail spirit upward raise ;
Then in heav'nly realms before Thee,
I shall evermore adore Thee.

Holy, Blessed Trinity !
What a joy to be with Thee—
Freed from sin like all around me,
Nothing more could e'er confound me.

I in Thee, and Thou in me—
Oh, the wondrous mystery !
Rejoicing round the glassy sea,
With brightest angels I shall be.

Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Prais'd by all the heavenly host ;
Swell the number that adore Thee,
And who prostrate fall before Thee.

Fellow pilgrims join the band
Hastening to that happy land ;
For faith can now our Surety see,
Christ, one of that Blest Trinity.

Holy, Holy, Holy, we
Love Thee, Blessed Trinity,
And would vie with heavenly Host,
For we have cause to love Thee most.

They were never lost, but we—
Saved from darkest depths—must be
Loudest in the praise before Thee ;
Lord of Heaven we adore Thee. Amen.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

THINK what is floating on the Stream of Time—
The thoughts and deeds of ev'ry race and clime.
The records of our history began
When God created and brought forth a man ;
Since then, the books go on from day to day,
Swelling in size ; and things long past away,
Recorded there, await the appointed time
When God will sit and punish every crime.

First let *me* think—those books contain the truth
Of all I thought, or loved, or did in youth ;
How much forgotten may be written there
That I should grieve to hear repeated here ;
How far more terrible, before His Throne,
To have the whole rehears'd—aye ev'ry one ;
How wise, if you—if all the world with me,
Would seek forgiveness ere that day we see.

Oh, you, who never asked forgiveness here,
With sins unblotted out must there appear ;
Things thought unseen, and done in depth of night,
Will be brought forth and plac'd in glaring light.
The sun, we read, will shine with sev'n-fold pow'r,
The moon as bright as sun above will tow'r—
Both dull compared with him who fashioned all,
And then will sit the Judge of great and small.

Oh, precious Saviour, dear thou art I feel ;
Hear all my faults, forgive me while I kneel ;
Help me to sin no more, and live to prove
A faithful loving servant full of love.

(*Isa.* xliv. 22.)

Confess'd—forgiven—blotted out my sin;
Restored to favour, purified within,
What cause for fear? the books may open'd be,
They will record no evil done by me.

(*Rev.* x. 6.)

Loud sounds the trumpet, come the Judgment day;
The stream of time has ceas'd—earth pass'd away;
Now heav'ns appear, and there is no more sea—
Thence flows the Ocean of Eternity!

TEMPEST TOSSED.

TEMPEST tossed—tempest tossed
  Mariners, we
Oft in commotion ride
  On life's rough sea.

Sometimes the sun is bright—
  We hope to be
Safe in the haven, and
  Old friends to see.

Quickly the storm returns,
  Terror prevails;
Tossed, the ship on the main;
  Every heart quails.

Foes assail, friends all fail;
  Nowhere to flee;
Topmast gone—left alone;
  Oh! woe is me!

All for self, none to help ;
Stop, there is *Thee*,
Lord of all power and might,
Saved I may be.

DISTASTEFUL WORDS.

My voice like thunder may appear—
Yet oftimes I have shed a tear
Behind the peal, like rain in storm,
To moisten those I would reform.

They hate the gloom, the darken'd sky ;
They fain to brighter realms would fly ;
They shun my face, my words repeat ;
They long more cheery friends to meet—

Forgetting cheery friends desert,
Help not in storms, but stand inert—
Avoid the wreck sin leaves behind,
And even prove to them unkind.

After great heat and long sunshine,
The strongest mostly show decline ;
The fairest flowers fade, then die,
And scorched and withered, useless lie.

Then pardon, if my stormy mood,
Instead of blighting, does some good ;
Sooner a thunderclap think me,
Than sunstroke sent in wrath on thee.

BOANERGES.

Boanerges, sons of thunder,
Well the world alarmed may fear;
Guilty hearts are struck with wonder,
At the startling news they hear.

Man created—thy Redeemer
Hath appeared on earth to save
You who fell, by Satan tempted,
Doomed through sin to see the grave,

God now calls, repent and turn ye,
Listen while 'tis called to-day;
Now the Light of lights is shining,
Fast its brightness fades away.

Hearken—hearken, you whom pleasure
Lulls in carelessness and sin,
Wrath shall pour down without measure,
Desolating all within.

Wake—wake up, you dreamy sleeper,
Time you know is on the wing;
Work, work quickly ere the reaper
Death, shall rouse you with his sting.

Wily was the first seducer—
Wily still, the foe we see;
"Watch and pray," said Christ the Saviour,
Watch and pray, and trust in Me.

Then though Judgment day shall thunder,
You redeemed to Heaven shall rise ;
But the wicked, struck with wonder,
Lost, must sink in great surprise.

WEAK TOOLS.

(1 *Cor.* i. 27.)

Weak tools the Lord above oft uses
To make earth's timber fit to see ;
And so the mighty Master Builder,
No work disdains performed by me.

He smooths and points its roughest edges,
And fits it where 'twill useful prove—
Oft smiling on the small performance,
When all of it is done in love.

Shall I refrain from toil or labour,
Since my dear Lord once worked for me ;
A carpenter his earthly trade was,
Designer of Immensity !

My soul stand still awhile, and wond'ring,
Gaze where the stars in circles glide,
In silent splendour radiating,
Their course His hand delights to guide.

Then we are told by minds outstretching,
Myriads more much further roll—
(*John* i. 1—3.)
All these the everlasting Builder,
Enthroned, doth by His Word control.

Though feeble (I from dust proceeding),
That mighty One receives my prayer;
Looks on—my ev'ry action heeding,
And makes my soul His special care.

Then let me keep His name adoring,
And in earth's work-shop still toil on;
For soon the Master will be coming,
To praise all work for Him well done.

JERUSALEM.

Joyous city! joyous city,
Built of gold in realms on high;
There the glassy waters eddy,
And reflect the cloudless sky.

God, the temple where they worship, (Rev. xxi. 22)
Science crown'd lies prostrate there;
All the cause for prayer has vanish'd,
Nature's chorus fills the air.

Decorations there astonish—
Angels the great feast prepare;
Bright the crowns the guests adorning,
All its costly treasures share.

There sweet songs from sweeter singers,
Ring an everlasting praise;
Martial strains proclaim a conquest;
Countless hosts the chorus raise.

Sweeter than all earthly music,
Must the choir of Heaven be;
All in time—no faulty songster
Mars the perfect harmony.

Adam there may be the leader,
Then a countless number sing;
Infant strains, then treble, tenor—
Won't those walls with anthems ring?

May my voice be heard among them,
Joining in the fairy scene;
Christ, the cause of all this glory,
Is, and has, for ever been.

Joyous city! joyous city,
Even now my eyes though dim,
Catch strange glimpses of thy beauty,
Filled with pleasure to the brim.

Oh! descend from Heaven quickly;
Earthly cities now decay;
Business over—coarse enjoyments
Then for ever past away.

A PRAYER.

HELP me in deep humility
To benefit thine earth ;
Instead of living here in sin,
To honour my high birth.

For Thou in Thine own image, Lord,
At first created me ;
But, seeking strange inventions, now
I'm far from fair to see.

Robe me in perfect righteousness,
Cleanse me from every sin ;
Fill me with Thy blest spirit here,
Reign, Lord of all within.

Then, if declining on this earth,
Or raised in heaven to be ;
Oh! may I ever shining live,
Reflecting light from Thee.

WASTING OUR TALENTS.

WASTING our talents while time quickly flies ;
Heaping up treasures where everything dies ;
Seeking for happiness down here below,
Upwards all those who would find it must go.

Wishing for beauty though all things decay
(Earth's best and fairest ones soon fade away);
Longing for rest in a world full of care,
Work is our portion while we sojourn here.

Madly some rush along into the night,
Through sin and idleness losing the light;
Lord, then no longer let me hope to be,
Resting or peaceful unless near to Thee.

Help me my talents to use the right way—
Instead of idling to work every day;
Fully persuaded when this life shall cease,
I shall have riches and beauty and peace.

LOVELY ANNA.

Lovely was the little Anna,
Rosy cheeked, with golden hair;
Sweet her voice and kind her actions,
Gentle, too, and very fair.

Her fond mother idolized her,
Blind she was to one great sin;
Counteracting all her beauty—
Falsehood dwelt that heart within.

Sweet that voice, not always truthful;
Many were deceived awhile;
Kind she often was, I grant it;
Artfully she could beguile.

Lost on me was all her beauty,
As I could not trust her word;
Truthful hearts, though plain the owners,
Are by me so much preferred.

Quiet was the gentle Mary,
Common-looking, pale and shy;
Not well-shaped, some thought her ugly,
Or, unheeding, passed her by.

But her word was *truth*, none doubted—
To deceive she never tried;
Kind she was, and most clear-sighted—
Over other's faults she sighed.

But her own more deeply grieved her—
Oft forgiveness she would seek;
Loved are such by Christ the Saviour,
Blest hath He pronounced the meek.

I confess, the gentle Mary,
Many more charms had for me
Than the lovely, fair-faced Anna,
Beautiful though she might be.

MY FARTHINGS.

I SAVE up my farthings, because I well know
That by little and little all great things do grow
The five barley loaves and small fishes, we read,
In the Saviour's strange hands could the multitude feed.

The widow's small mites in His sight seemed so great,
That He charged His disciples the scene to relate;
I think I now see that marred face lighted o'er,
With a smile full of love, as she passed from the door.

See you, that poor widow her trifle bestow?
Oh! you short-sighted mortals its value don't know;
My Father looks at it with pleasure and love,
And is fitting her spirit to join Him above.

Rich men give their shillings or pounds if you call—
Some their thousands—yet she gave much more than they all;
She offered her heart with her mites at His shrine—
'Twas for God, her loved Maker, her Lord, her sunshine.

She knew He would own it—no more could she give—
Her whole soul longed to please Him, and near Him to live;
Her prayer is now granted, who doubts that on high
She sings loudly Hosanna! while selfish hearts sigh.

SLIPPERY ROADS.

Slippery roads of down hill slime
Don't lead to heavenly seats;
The pathways paved with songs and wine
Find not sublime retreats.

All foul and by-paths lead to realms
Where mirth is never heard—
To dwellings where a tyrant reigns;
Too oft are such preferred.

There are grand mansions all prepared,
Surrounded, we are told,
By pastures ever fresh and green,
Like to a shepherd's fold.

Who are to reach those safe abodes?
Who fill those regions fair?
Who owns that land? who are the sheep
Guarded with so much care?

I know the sheep—my Father knows;
A shepherd, He has been
Long looking out for straggling lambs
To fill those pastures green.

His crook has drawn back thoughtless ones,
Exposed to wet and cold;
Unwearied, he has travell'd long
To give them wealth untold.

Shall I, as dog, obedient go
To find the wandering sheep?
Shall I, despised, like mongrel cur,
A faithful vigil keep?

Yes gladly, like the shepherd's dog,
I would my Lord obey—
Go where he bids, and seek the lost,
But not in by-paths stay.

Yet, wander on, some rashly do,
Till famishing they lie;
Despised by those who led them wrong—
Then, friendless, sink and die.

"WHAT AILED THEE, O THOU SEA, THAT THOU FLEDDEST? THOU JORDAN, THAT THOU WAST DRIVEN BACK?"

(*Psalm* cxiv. 5.)

WHAT ailest thee, thou sea? thou askest me—
I fear my Maker standing near and flee;
The Jordan's answer to you like will be—
It is the presence of divinity
Makes my supply of running water slack—
I, from His Majesty (awe-struck) draw back.

Weak is my faith ; I, like the Jordan, fear,
And draw back, as the ocean, to the rear ;
Moses was terrified when God drew near—
All flesh seems frightened when His voice they hear.
Make haste, dear Lord, restore us by Thy grace ;
Then we no more shall fear to see Thy face.

Once raised above this world of gloom and pain,
We shall our long-lost confidence regain ;
Our foolish fears look back on with disdain,
And rapt in fond astonishment, remain
Delighted, not dismayed, at Majesty
We shall in adoration prostrate lie.

No ebbing tide will ever be seen there ;
White are the robes the ransomed are to wear ;
In the new world will be no *fear* or care ;
All will its endless treasures gladly share.
Awe-struck no more—God's creatures will delight
In *Him*—the *Fountain Head* and source of light.

Backward no more, the Jordan then shall flee—
It will, with other streams, have ceased to be.
The burning earth will dry up ev'ry sea,
Reformed for a new world, man's destiny.
Let not our preparations for it slack ;
From *evil only* let us now draw back.

WHAT CAN I DO?

How fearful are the evils sin hath wrought!
Alleviate, I would, the miseries I see—
What can I do? My feebleness is great!
Yet, Lord, some feeble instruments are used by Thee.

What can I do? To pray, I first, am taught,
Then firmly trust in Thine almighty power and aid;
Go on, and little acts of kindness show,
And not, if greater deeds are wanted, be afraid.

Great things have sometimes been performed by those
Whose insignificance was scoffed at and despised;
The lowly shepherd-boy, with sling and stone,
Both his own people and the Philistines surprised.

And many acts, less eminent, have told
On mighty empires, once renowned, now passed away;
And remedies applied to sickly plants
Will frequently prevent their falling to decay.

So while I journey on this earthly road
I would be doing something, whether great or small;
Then humbly render my account to Him
Who died, as man—yet lives, Almighty, Lord of all!

STOPPED PAYMENT.

LORD! Thou canst see how few there are, to-day,
Could meet Thy just demand, if Thou should'st say,
"Pay that thou owest."

Oh! I owe Thee my life, my home, my strength,
Continuance, prosperity, and wealth—
All this Thou knowest.

And, more to me—I hope, through Thee, to be
Acquitted of all debt eternally!
Raised from the lowest.

SPRING.

WINTER again has passed away;
Sweetly the birds sing all the day;
And chilly blasts no more can freeze
The buds now bursting on the trees.
The turtle's voice is heard again;
From heaven descends a lover's strain:
"Arise, My fair one, come and sing
In mansions where eternal spring
Precludes the power of autumn's gloom
To lead the way to winter's tomb;
Come, and, with all things, you shall be
In everlasting life with Me."

PASSING AWAY.

A FEW more glances at the outer world
And I must close—
Just like a fading rose;
This earth will cease, thenceforth, a home to be;
Christ I must choose,
If lasting sweet repose
Shall be my portion through eternity.

'Tis Christ who hath the flag of peace unfurl'd!
Sweet is the theme;
More than a passing dream;
By faith I see a mansion built for me;
Bright is the gleam;
He, truly, can redeem!
Like Bartimeus, I the Lord shall see.

After Satanic darts, oft at me hurl'd,
Sweet be my sleep
Where eyelids never weep;
Pilot me, Captain, o'er life's troubled sea;
While on the deep,
Floating my vessel keep,
Till, in the haven, I rejoice with Thee.

"SPEAK UNTO THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, THAT THEY GO FORWARD."

(*Exodus* xiv. 15.)

"Go forward! Go forward! Go forward!" I say,
"Go forward! Fear not! Draw not back in dismay!"
With the Red Sea before them, and Pharaoh in sight,
They were still to go forward, for God was their might!

"Go forward! Go forward!" my Lord says to me;
"Fear not! It is I! Why alarmed should you be?"
Yet I tremble and quake when my foes are in view,
Sometimes *scarcely* believing His promises true.

Poor worm that I am! All my weakness He knows;
How sweet is His smile when compassion He shows;
And He beckons me onward, to realms of delight,
And assures me that near Him no ills can affright.

The Jordan before me—how cold looks that stream!
Yet it may be warmed if His rays on it beam;
And, if not, in His arms He can carry me o'er,
To His own home in heaven—to sorrow no more.

Then forward, still forward, Lord, help me to go,
Through sin's troubled waters and earth's scenes of woe;
Soon the trumpet will sound, and my Captain appear;
Truly, then, His foes only have reason to fear.

LUKE xviii. 2.

A JUDGE there was that feared not God,
Neither regarded man;
Yet he avenged the cause of some—
What was his aim and plan?

He cared for neither right or wrong;
He lived to serve himself;
A bribe, no doubt, he often took—
He loved ill-gotten pelf!

Little he did, if not well paid;
Appeals unheeded lay;
Why should he trouble after those
Who did not mean to pay?

His selfishness caused weariness;
And once to him there came
A widow, very poor indeed—
I do not know her name.

She cried, "My Lord, avenge my cause!"
Deaf was the great man's ear;
"Avenge my cause, my Lord, avenge!"
Still he refused to hear.

After a while he reasoned thus:
"This woman wearies me;
Though God and man I care n
Avenged her cause shall be.

Then I shall get quite rid of her;
That nuisance will be gone;
Sometimes it answers to do right—
A good name may be won.

It answers, after all, to seem
To be a righteous man;
No one, I think, can know *my thoughts*,
Though they my actions scan.

By this act I shall be approved,
And get a better name;
Prosper I shall, then live at ease,
And great will be my fame."

Such was the unjust judge—he died—
Scripture relates the fact;
And men who have no principle,
Like him, in these days act.

What saith the Lord, the Lord of hosts,
Who earth's foundations laid;
The God who can destroy all flesh,
The God who all men made?

"The just man shall in heav'n rejoice,
The unjust one despair;
Do as you would be done unto—
My dealings all are fair.

[illegible] and recompense;
[illegible] will, mine own; (verse 7)
[illegible]veth he shall reap—
as he hath sown."

SIN.

A BOUGH that ne'er is blighted,
With fruit that ne'er decays,
Is one on Jesus grafted—
That Vine of ancient days.

All roots from Him when sever'd,
All branches from Him torn,
Lie fading, fruitless, wither'd—
Sin's victims downward borne.

Sin—fruitful source of evil—
How fearful is thy sway ;
All youth and beauty fear thee—
Thou blight of spring's green spray.

Summer, if once arriv'd at,
Dreads thee, thou tyrant fell ;
Thou cloud to hide all sunshine ;
Thou deeply-poison'd well.

Autumn bemoans thy presence,
Discolouring each germ
Of God's created beauty—
Thou greedy, loathsome worm.

What shall we say of winter?
Reign there, dost thou, alone?
I tell thee *no!* thou viper—
God yet sits on His throne.

In spite of all thy venom, (1 Cor. xv. 56)
Thou noisome, direful thing,
Out of thy deadly bosom
Another life shall spring.

Thy death, when once completed,
And buried in the tomb,
Will leave a world repleted
With everlasting bloom. (1 Cor. xv. 54)

There shall the wither'd flowers—
Trampled, in spite, by thee—
Revive, and be immortal,
Throughout eternity.

There shall the widowed mothers
Their lost ones fold in glee;
There those by Satan tarnish'd,
Refin'd, shall shining be.

There shall this vast creation
Emerge from blight and gloom;
Rise in *unfading* splendour,
And flourish o'er thy *tomb.*

LOVE.

Love—balm for ev'ry woe that sin
  Inflicts upon our race—
The essence of divinity
  That beautifies all space.

Love—antidote to ev'ry ill;
  The moving power above;
The sinews to the Spirit's wings,
  Whose emblem is the dove.

Flying about in sorrow's haunts,
  Lulling its pow'r must prove;
Where it is not, that spot is curs'd,
  And *comfortless* we rove.

Love—soothing cordial, healing breath,
  Like summer zephyrs blow;
Melt, with thy presence, snow and ice,
  And make our cold hearts glow.

Come, minister to our souls diseas'd;
  Bind up our wounds with oil;
Thy standard raise against our foes,
  And all their complots foil.

Love! I desire thee, seek thine aid,
  And worship at thy throne;
My frail frame make thy dwelling place—
  Reign there, Thou, God, alone.

CRUELTY.

QUITE as hard as the stones he treads upon
The cruel man's heart must be;
But much harder his lot will one day prove,
And endless his misery.

Once made in the image of God below,
With conscience to guide him right;
He now moves about like an evil thing;
Most fear, when he comes in sight.

His death is a blessing to all around—
The living rejoice and say,
"The terror and tyrant to man and beast
For ever has passed away."

But where is he gone—do you ask me that?
The scripture shall answer thee—
"The wicked shall into perdition go,
And servants of Satan be."

Shut up in the bottomless pit—his doom;
There tyranniz'd o'er—in vain
Shall he seek the mercy he once denied,
And a harvest reap of pain.

As he sow'd, he shall reap; and groans and sighs
Were the seeds he planted here—
His harvest of sorrow I envy not;
But his dismal fate I fear

So, gentle and merciful I would live,
Prepar'd for a home above,
Where the cruel and selfish enter not
And *the reigning pow'r is Love.*

SPIRITUAL FOOD.

I WOULD feed on Thee, oh Thou Bread of Life,
Immortal I shall be if Thou sustain;
What could support me through this mortal strife,
Shouldst Thou my feeble body not maintain?

On Thee I live; through Thee I move and act;
Dead is my system, if from Thee divorc'd;
The only frame that is below compact—
Is that by springs from heavenly fount enforc'd.

Salvation's water may I also drink,
With thankfulness, until life's journey o'er;
Freighted with them, my bark could never sink,
But rise, where thirst and hunger are no more.

Seeming like life, I may a while deceive
Myself—or any careless looker on;
Yet over me, all loving hearts will grieve
If Tophet be my home when I am gone.

"Dead while they live," so Scripture says, are some
Who live in pleasure and forget their God—
(Surely, quite dead those persons have become,
Who fear not the Almighty's chast'ning rod.)

They will sink down in terror, grief, and pain,
When kind and faithful souls are call'd above;
All such, lamenting, ever will remain,
And not feast at the banquet serv'd by Love.

Oh, to be seated at that Bridal feast! (Luke xii. 37)
Serv'd by the Lord of all, and Bridegroom too;
Angels delighting over ev'ry guest—
Love being then the only thing to do.

JEHOVAH REIGNS.

TRIUMPHANT reigns Jehovah,
Though Satan's pow'r is great;
The Lord of Life has triumph'd,
His foes will find *too late.*

Jehovah sits, Almighty;
Brooding, the dark one sighs;
Clouds around him lower;
Weaken'd, in wrath he lies.

"Woe to the earth!" descending, (Rev. xii. 12)
That evil one will slay
All silly sheep who wander,
And leave the narrow way.

Jehovah, Shepherd tender,
With thy crook draw me nigh—
To green and pleasant pastures,
For if I stray—I die.

LUKE v. 4.

LAUNCH out into the deep, let down the net;
Faint not, though you have toil'd all night in vain;
Wearied you are perhaps, and long for rest—
Yet, *orders are*, "Go forth and fish again."

It may not be before the morning watch,
You, the great haul, may have the chance to get;
Yet, if you fear not, great will be the catch—
Large fish there are close to the Gospel net.

Some little fish, too, are both rare and good;
Fill up the boat, I would, with great and small;
And find at last my labour well repaid—
Feasting on those that to my share will fall.

Greatly astonish'd shall we fishers be
At the large draught of fishes safe on shore;
Then at the Master's feet, all gladsome stay,
Where weariness and labour are no more.

II. TIMOTHY ii. 19.

I WOULD that all who Jesus nam'd,
Iniquity abhorr'd at heart—
Kept His religion undefil'd,
And in His battles took their part.

But many baptiz'd in His name,
Instead of fighting manfully,
Go back, albeit to their shame,
And, cowardlike, the conflict flee.

Victorious He'll prove, we know—
One, after other, foes must fall;
Succumb they shall beneath the blow
That ruins leaves their ill-built wall.

Untemper'd mortar made it weak,
Wisdom's attacks it could not stand;
Like potter's vessels, men too break,
Who will defile Jehovah's land.

And, sure enough, *this land* is His—
All things were made by Him alone;
And false is that hypothesis
That would that Holy One dethrone.

Though Satan offer'd all we see, (Matt. iv. 9)
It was not his to give, I trow;
Earth made by God must surely be
A field where His redeem'd shall grow.

Until transplanted far above,
Where no unhallow'd sounds profane,
And reverence and boundless love
To man's Redeemer ne'er can wane.

FUTURE JUDGMENT.

WHERE the Judge? who the accusers?
What do they, the summon'd, call?—
Higher Court is there appeal at,
And the costs, where will they fall?

Where the Judge?—On Throne of Whiteness,
Showing purity within—
Holiness, the robe around Him,
Free from ev'ry taint of sin.

What the summon'd?—sinful people;
How can they escape their doom?
Counsellor, have they to aid them?
Darkness o'er them seems to loom.

Oh! their Counsellor is Mighty,
With the Judge he has great sway;
Versed He is in ev'ry conflict,
Sure He is to gain the day.

Then, His wisdom—none gainsay it;
Ignorant, compar'd, his foes;
Vanquish'd soon are His opponents—
Fearful is the lot of those.

Satan's hosts are the accusers,
Much they testify is true;
Man indeed has greatly fallen,
Cause he has that fall to rue.

Higher Court could none appeal to,
King of kings and Lord of lords;
To the feeble ones who seek Him,
He protecting pow'r affords.

Costs to pay—and *very heavy*,
On the lost must surely fall;
Fault of payment—doom'd for ever,
Their just sentence will appal.

Pardon seek, before the judgment
Irrevocably is past;
The unprofitable servant
Shall in darkness fall, aghast.

There appeals are unavailing,
Satan reigns, condemn'd, *but king;*
Through his rage, tormenting sinners;
Burning depths with curses ring.

High has been that prince of darkness,
Many may his escort be,
Yet the *Great I Am*—Jehovah,
Means his downfall all to see.

Once destroy'd, that great accuser,
None can accusation bring:
Mighty is our Great Redeemer,
All the ransom'd then will sing.

To the banquet—to the banquet,
Let us haste and feast all day—
In the grave our foes lie vanquish'd,
Dead they are and passed away.

SWEARING.

Hear men swearing!
Oh! how daring!
From their cursing swiftly flee;
Their caressing,
Far from blessing,
Will destruction bring on thee.

No such leaven
Is in heaven,
Or its inmates would repine;
Never use it—
Or diffuse it,
But in loving caskets shine.

Blessings pouring,
God adoring,
Travel upward to your rest;
There arising,
All surprising,
Mingle with the ever blest.

DOWNHAM—JULY, 1876.

FINE sixpence !—such the very heavy charge,
Levied on those who value horse-flesh cheap;
Whoever loves humanity will pine,
And over all abusing pow'r will weep.

Plac'd in a situation to protect,
Yet, legalizing crime, by slurring o'er
Brutality and sin, until some wish
This earth, and those who blight it, were no more.

Reap as they sow, we read, shall be their doom—
Shrill, in the dark abyss, may be their cry;
Think of the clouds that over all such loom,
Where dark companions, too, will *mock* each sigh.

Vainly for mercy, *there*, shall pray'rs ascend;
Judgment alone, falls on that sad domain;
Clos'd in for ever all its inmates lie,
Feeling, *themselves*—*unheeded*, endless pain.

THE AUCTION OF THE OLD HORSE.

"Going—going—gone—let fall
The hammer, auctioneer;
My old bones shake, my flesh is dried—
At any price, I'm dear.

Dogs only, now can be enrich'd
In any way by me;
Yet, beaten on another week,
Alas! my fate may be.

Will none have pity—none exclaim
Against such tryanny?
Depriv'd of speech, my eyes beseech—
Give *death*, and set me free.

'Tis all I ask, though I have work'd
At morn, and eve, and night;
Just—do you think it is of thee,
Such deeds so to requite?

Well, death will come ere long, and I
Shall suffer no more pain;
My bleeding frame, and tearful eyes,
Will plead no more in vain.

Those who refus'd my last request,
My Maker will proclaim,
Unworthy stewards of His wealth,
And in His wrath exclaim—

'Cast the unprofitable slave,
Who lov'd ill-gotten store,
Into such darkness, that I see
His hideousness no more.

Said I not plainly, that I lov'd
All things My hands had made—
Intended them for happiness?
(Each should the other aid.)

Misus'd, My gifts; I yet am Lord—
Will restitution make;
Destroy the dross, burn up the chaff,
And sink them in that lake

That burns with fire unquenchable'—
There must *they suffer pain;*
But merciful and loving souls
Shall lasting *honours* gain."

"WHO WILL RENDER TO EVERY MAN ACCORDING TO HIS DEEDS."

(*Romans* ii. 6.)

"RENDER'D to ev'ry man shall be,
According to his deeds."
Such God's decree concerning us;
Pick carefully your seeds.

A harvest of intense delight,
So doing you will reap;
If, carelessly, you tares sling round,
You will have cause to weep.

Tears of remorse shall trickle down
Your visage, marr'd with pain,
Mercy may seek, alas! *too late*—
Mercy some seek in vain.

Those who show'd none to *man* or *beast*,
Are into darkness cast;
Who shall relate their fearful fate?
Such misery must last.

For death comes not, though sought with tears;
They mock'd once at each cry
That ask'd for mercy—even laugh'd,
At speechless agony!

No partial Bench will then acquit,
Or cover over sin;
The Judge of all will set things right—
He looks the heart within.

False witnesses are useless there,
The *deeds* of all are known;
As I began, I finish now,
"Man reaps what he has sown."

DEGRADATION.

In scenes of degradation,
Some throw their time away;
While, slaves to vile sensation,
They turn again to clay.

Their evil deeds behind them
Leave germs of sad decay;
We surely should remind them—
Destructive is their stay.

Wealth is not elevation,
With wings it flies away;
It leaves men at that station,
Where they return to clay.

All things they leave behind them
Are destin'd to decay;
The judgment comes, remind them—
Yet there they cannot stay.

The blessing pour'd on good seed
Will raise a crop of love;
A hundredfold a good deed
Shall be repaid above.

Then, hundredfolds to sinners
Must be repaid in hell;
If you think such men winners,
We disagree. Farewell!

ROUND ZION SET WATCHMEN.

A BREACH in the wall, Lord!
A skill'd mason send,
Endow'd with Thy wisdom,
The sad breach to mend.

Round Zion set watchmen—
Let good soldiers haste
To timely give warning
Of those who would waste

The land of Thy chosen,
And make it accurs'd;
Alarm'd by Thy signals
Let such be dispers'd.

High up throw Thy bulwarks—
Thy people prepare
To fight at all moments,
And Thy conflicts share.

With God as Commander,
Christ, Captain to lead,
All foes must surrender,
Sin's victims must bleed.

A breach in the wall of
The building they were;
When Christ has restor'd it,
All such will despair.

Jehovah's white banner
Shall float on the breeze
That cools the Gold Palace,
Where He sits at ease.

With gates standing open—
Through safety around;
The Victor's State Bridal,
With joys shall abound.

And rivers of pleasure
Will keep flowing by
None thirst in His meadows,
None there heave a sigh.

Both bloodshed and war ceas'd,
The wounded no more
Shall shed tears in sorrow;
All peaceful that shore.

There sonnets of true love
Reverberate round,
And plenty and bliss for
All creatures abound.

Jehovah has triumph'd—
The theme of their praise,
And grand the loud chorus
The ransomed there raise.

But flames of His fury
Shall kindle the fire
That burns on for ever—
How fatal His ire

Woe to His opponents !
  Like flax in the flame
Will perish the madmen
  Who blaspheme His name.

Down—down into midnight
  They sink in despair ;
They share not His treasures,
  Nor Bridal wreathes wear.

But, weeping and wailing,
  Pronounc'd is their doom ;
The bottomless pit, too,
  Their *seal'd up, dark tomb !*

SEED TIME.

NEGLECTING their seed time,
  Some revel in sin ;
Expecting a harvest
  When autumn sets in.

Through summer they sleep oft
  The tares then abound ;
While fruits of them reaping,
  Their winter *creeps* round.

No store of divine food,
  To feed on, they find ;
Their eyes close in terror,
  Distracted their mind.

Both thirsty and hungry,
  Such skeletons sink—
Starv'd out by their folly,
  They grasp a crack'd link ;

It breaks ! and they shudder—
  Down, downward they go
To bottomless regions
  Of undescribed woe !

I must stop and scatter
  Good seed for to-day ;
I like not *their* harvest,
  I must work away.

And then, if the rain comes,
  And fruitful my field,
I shall in the autumn
  Delight in the yield—

Feast then at the banquet
  Suppli'd by Christ's love—
Sit down in His Homestead,
  That Salem above.

The sun never sets there ;
  No winter can chill ;
Its warm rays shine ever
  On streamlet and rill.

The wine and the water
  That region supplies
Prevent all decay, and
  Man never there dies.

Immortal his spirit,
Unwearied his frame,
He lives on for ever,
Unsullied his name.

Forgiven his errors,
Robed over his shame
In garments of whiteness,
And widespread his fame.

To Him that redeem'd him,
A song will be raised
Of long sounding glory—
Yes, God will be praised.

Hosanna shall peal through
The land of the blest;
Hasanna shall sound from
The east to the west.

Roll, roll round the chorus—
For high on His Throne
Sits Christ, the Reedemer,
The Almighty One—

Who shares with the Spirit,
The mirth and the glee
Bestow'd by Jehovah;
Hail! blest Trinity!

THE LAST WINTER.

Sin's reign is past and gone;
Frozen no more—
Streams of beneficence;
Sunk, on earth's shore,
Is all that blighted it;
God reigns alone;
Dead is the deadly one—
Ceas'd ev'ry groan.

Love, the eternal throne
Mounts in the spring;
Love lights a lasting home;
Love, peace will bring;
Love, ev'ry bosom fills
That beats on high;
Love, like a zephyr soothes—
Stifling each sigh.

Love bears eternal fruit,
Sweet to the taste;
Love spreads a banquet, where
Wise men will haste;
Love throws a mantle o'er
Sorrow and pain;
Love to the Saviour, will
Heaven regain.

Truly then, winter past,
Set in the spring;
Turtle and feather'd tribe
Sweetly will sing.
What shall we say of men?
Loud be their praise—
Loud be the anthem to
Jesus they raise.

Warm Sun of Righteousness,
Melting the snow—
Cheering the frozen heart
(Healthy Thy glow);
Shine on for ever, and
Keep in Thy light
Man, and created things,
Deathless and bright.

MEN SEE BUT THE CASKET.

Locked up for the Master,
The Spirit within;
Men see but the casket—
They look not therein.

Pure, true and ennobled,
That inmate may be;
Or vile and corrupted—
Quite unfit to see.

A time for unlocking
Most surely will come ;
The casket will open,
The spirit fly home.

Would men would remember,
And not laud their shame;
But think of that moment
They now dread to name.

Their deeds there recited
Will leave them aghast ;
And, justly requited,
Their terror will last.

No elegant garment
Will cover their sin ;
Uncloth'd they will perish,
Through *evil* within.

Stripp'd off all adornment,
Like sepulchres, see
The inside corruption !
Yes, so it must be.

The falsehood and varnish
All vanish'd and gone,
They long for the heaven,
The true hearted won.

They, seated in glory,
Surrounded with love,
Adore the Great Being
Who raised them above.

Forget, in their wonder,
The sad and forlorn,
Who far from their comfort,
Sink down to that bourne

From whence no returning—
Its bottomless shore
Engulfs all its victims,
And they rise no more.

Oh, horror of horrors!
My casket I'll fill
With every good thing,
And do my Lord's will.

Then, welcome my owner,
Recline on His breast,
Till reset in glory,
To share all His rest—

I sparkle resplendent,
A star in His crown;
And glitter for ever,
A gem of renown.

WORKERS OF INIQUITY.

Paupers, through their sinful folly,
Are workers of iniquity;
Living on Jehovah's bounty,
Wasting in abject poverty.

A pauper's funeral their end—
No angels waft their souls on high;
Rich they were thought on earth, perhaps,
Yet far from wealth, accurs'd, they lie.

One drop of water there they ask—
That drop cannot be had for gold;
Yet, for that perishable thing,
Their never-dying soul they sold.

Who are the rich?—God's word declares,
The men whose treasure is above—
Those humble, working gentlefolks,
Whose life flows on in deeds of love.

Despis'd in life, I may remain,
Misunderstood by rich and poor;
An entrance yet I hope to gain
To wealthy plains, on endless shore.

There will all meet who work'd for God—
Display the trophies of their toil;
Delight in one Almighty Head,
Clad in rich garments, freed from soil.

No paupers in that heav'nly land;
The "Sons of God" are rich indeed;
His daughters all His treasure share,
It will their highest hopes exceed.

How inexhaustable that mine—
Immensity is full of ore;
Almighty wisdom working it,
Antique deposit will outpour.

WASTING TIME.

Oh! as I sat wasting, wasting, wasting—
The talents given by my God to me,
I forget that hasting, hasting, hasting—
Was time to the verge of eternity.

Oh! I now sit thinking, thinking, thinking—
How sad will my fate be, upon that shore,
Unless I am drinking, drinking, drinking—
The living water that flows evermore.

How useless my sighing, sighing, sighing—
Over the seedtime, long, long passed away;
For time goes on, flying, flying, flying—
Rouse up I must, and do something to-day.

A harvest is nearing, nearing, nearing—
All, who now idle, will then weep and sigh;
Work, lest we be fearing, fearing, fearing—
When summon'd to our last account on high.

None in Heav'n are weary, weary, weary—
Most joyful the lot is of all above;
That blest land is cheery, cheery, cheery—
With various treasures, supplied *by love.*

SAILING VESSELS.

God knows the vessels He starts to sail
In northern ocean or tranquil sea;
Each by His pow'r is freighted right;
Some prov'd sea-worthy no doubt will be.

But others, ill-mann'd, will founder fast;
The Maelstrom engulf a thoughtless crew;
Charybdis destroy a reckless set;
And all will *neglected orders* rue.

Though smoothly the southern waters flow,
Yet there, becalm'd, idle souls will sink;
No danger fearing, they feast and sleep,
To wake up upon destruction's brink.

A well-order'd vessel enters port,
With a costly freight, and sails wide spread;
Rejoicing is heard on ev'ry side,
While honours adorn its owner's head.

So Christians should move through storm and calm,
And their Captain serve through weal and woe;
Till, anchor'd in heav'n, they safely rest,
Secur'd where no tempests ever blow.

WHOM WILL YOU SERVE?

Man, born of woman, sprung like grass,
Consider, whence thy frame?
Created by thyself, wast it?
Canst tell, from whence it came?

Hence it must go! Where will it go?
Into delight or shame?
Doth Scripture state its destiny?
Who will its *débris* claim?

If God created, God will claim
Service for such a boon;
If recreant, by evil pow'rs
Enslav'd, it will be soon.

State whom you serve! His, you will be
When dead and buried low;
What you have done will prove your case—
By fruits all trees we know.

Like forest trees, men rise and grow;
Good timber some will prove;
Others, decay'd, as fuel piled,
Prepar'd are for that stove

That burns for ever! Tophet, call'd;
Heated by jealous heat;
Adapted to destroy all chaff,
And leave unscorch'd the wheat.

Wheat means the servants of the Lord;
Chaff, the unruly ones;
Fram'd for ecstatic joys the first,
Curs'd are ungodly sons.

Whom will you serve? Make up your mind;
Delay may fatal prove;
God says, "To-day, obey my voice!"—
That voice is one of love.

It speaks in tones both sweet and clear;
It says, "Cling close to Me;
Leave not My side, by Me abide;
Then blest thy lot shall be."

Satan is watching for his prey;
His nets are spread around;
And hopeless is the lot of those
In his clos'd meshes found.

Escape they cannot; sunk in sleep,
With blinded eyes, they lie;
Deaf ears they turn, when some kind friend
Would rouse them with a cry.

The judgment comes—alas! too late—
They hear the trumpet sound,
Wake up, and learn their fearful fate,
Where groans and tears abound.

Whom will you serve? Quickly reply,
"My Maker, Saviour, God—
My soul and body His shall be,
Though chasten'd by His rod."

Better to feel it here than there,
Where evil spirits sigh ;
Brighter the hope to sing and roam
With angel forms on high.

So, form'd in love, reform'd by love,
Intended, like the sun,
To be a light, reflecting light,
A light'ning journey run.

Some, form'd in love, deform'd by sin,
Not even moons appear,
But denser grow as they move on,
And, darken'd, disappear.

Henceforth, my aim and end shall be,
My Maker to draw nigh—
Loving Creator, keep my heart
Beating in ecstasy !

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

My own fireside—alone I do not feel there,
For thou, my God, art near to warm and lighten me ;
My own fireside—alone ?—oh, no, I am not,
Thou Great I Am doth comfort and abide with me.

Abide with me, when earthly fires extinguish ;
Abide with me, when all is winter, ice, and snow ;
Abide with me, and it will soon be spring time ;
Sun of my soul, arise, and cause my heart to glow.

Alone in heav'n?—ah, no, that cannot be there,
With Thee so near, and loving hearts in Thee entwin'd;
Such company—immortal in true sunshine,
Eternal fire would in each bosom burn enshrin'd.

Alone and lost—that, too, can never happen;
Alone and lost—no soul will ever have to say,
Lost, not alone—the fate of those who wander
Far from the light, and darken'd, pass their life away.

Lost, not alone—such spirits meet together,
Not to enjoy the light, or any blithesome thing;
Lost, not alone—they huddl'd up in terror,
Wait their sad doom, where everlasting curses ring.

My own fireside—may He, who made me love it,
Warm ev'ry heart my spirit welcom'd to its side;
My own fireside—may He who shines above it,
With all my friends and me, eternally abide.

"THE WHOLE CREATION GROANETH".

How sad the lot of most on earth—
They little taste of joy or mirth;
Man feels the curse brought down by sin—
His spirit sinks through fears within.

The beasts of burden moan and sigh,
Oft, cruelly oppress'd, they die ;
The whole creation groans, we read, (Acts iii. 21)
And *restitution* all things need.

Restorer, Saviour, God of grace,
Arise, and show thy shining face ;
Chase clouds and gloom and fears away—
Come, and proclaim eternal day.

The prince of darkness keep enchain'd ;
No longer by his spite defam'd,
Thy children, set from prison free,
Shall sing around the glassy sea.

There, in the fulness of their love,
When rais'd on angels wings above,
They will with admiration raise,
Hymns of delight and notes of praise.

Hosanna, hark ! the sound prolong ;
Echo, ye stars and suns, the song ;
Eternal realms and endless space,
Repeat the praises of our race.

When new created worlds shall share
The blessings of their Maker's care ;
Then we, perhaps, shall angels be—
Messengers of divinity.

WEALTH UNTOLD.

How stately sits our Spouse above,
How wondrous His redeeming love,
How gorgeously is He attir'd,
By saints and angels, how admir'd!

His wealth untold—we count in vain,
'Tis countless!—like the sandy grain;
Like stars for multitude, we read,
It all we think of doth exceed.

Compar'd with Him, the sun is dark—
The moon, a pale and sickly spark;
How very little we must be,
When view'd by heav'n's community.

This world destroy'd, the Bridegroom come,
We specks shall all be summon'd home;
Those who despis'd Him, in despair,
Must to a darker sphere repair.

For aye bemoan their dreadful fate,
Wish for His love—alas! too late;
That love cool'd down, now turn'd to hate—
How lamentable such a state!

Such it will be; they lov'd him not—
Utterly hopeless is their lot;
Nor can we wonder—sin and pride
Caus'd them His precepts to deride.

A golden calf, some rashly made,
And worshipp'd, with a hydra head ;
Perish they will, with earthly clay,
And, burn'd to ash, be cast away.

But those who lov'd Him more than gold,
And all their secrets to him told,
Confiding in His promis'd grace,
With joy will hail His smiling face.

In sweetest tones His voice will say—
Arise, My fair one, haste I pray ;
Winter is past—the spring time come,
I long to welcome you at home.

My home is thine—its treasure share,
In it, no one can know a care ;
Bride of My choice—My wealth is thine,
Bought with My blood—*Mine doubly Mine !*

ROMANS xiii. 2.

Awake from sleep, ye drowsy souls—
Awake, awake, I say ;
The night is spent—the day at hand ;
Awake, awake, I pray.

Riot and drunkenness, forsake,
Walk honestly to-day;
No longer of curs'd things partake,
Blessing--go on thy way.

Make not provision for the flesh,
Its lusts shun and abhor;
Daily live nearer to thy God,
His holiness adore.

And of that holiness partake;
Without it none shall see
That perfect, admirable face,
Now veil'd in mystery.

Oh! when unveil'd, may we be there,
Cloth'd by His Majesty;
Through that light garment, may we peep,
Glowing in ecstasy.

Both Royal and Imperial,
Is His Majestic Throne;
For King of kings He claims to be—
Empire is His alone.

If we are summon'd to His side,
Orders we must obey;
How gladly there would I abide,
Near Him I long to stay.

Cast from Him, evil natures roam,
Darken'd, they wander far,
Till lost to sight, they disappear,
Just like a falling star.

Sleeper awake—dream on no more,
The night is spent—arise,
Put on the garments of the day,
Robe for the sunny skies.

Dazzling their brightness—shine like them,
The marriage garment don;
Thy Bridegroom hath prepar'd the gift—
He is Jehovah's son.

What numerals can state His wealth?
All worlds He calls His own;
Space yet unoccupied He claims—
Immensity, His Throne.

Yet, there with Him, we may enjoy,
All that in love He made;
Be one with our eternal Lord,
Expand, and never fade.

SERAPH'S SONG.

Hail! the Prince of Peace!
The enchain'd release;
The new world Christ claims,
And His reign proclaims.

Set the captives free,
Jubilant all be;
Bright pomp, move along,
Join acclaiming throng.

Myraid throats raise
Welcome songs of praise;
The Redeemer reigns—
Join angelic strains.

Oh, come, come with me,
And your soul shall be
On the glassy sea,
Singing songs of glee!

In a renew'd earth
Full of scenes of mirth;
'Tis a region fair,
Freed from grief and care.

There, we all delight,
For unfading light
Throws a halo bright,
That enchants the sight.

While our hearts rejoice
At the happy choice,
That the souls on earth
Made at their new birth

Strains of sweetest sound
Echo all around;
To the highest note,
Reply realms remote.

For that land is blest,
And is all possess'd
By the Mighty One,
Who there reigns alone.

So come, quickly come
To that happy home;
See you linger not
On this sin stain'd spot.

Soon 'twill be too late
To avoid the fate
That on those must fall,
Who refuse my call.

For my Lord, in ire,
Will pour coals of fire;
And to ashes burn
Ev'ry thing in turn.

Then say, where shall be
Things now lov'd by thee;
Will they prove a stay,
In that awful day?

Oh, take rapid flight
From this land of night,
To a home above,
Of abiding love.

Heaven's signal hail—
Come behind the veil
There, no captives' wail;
There, no serpents' trail.

Linger not; haste, haste
From this wintry waste
Spring eternal reigns
On my Lord's domains.

I must now away—
Will you come, or stay?
Hence, I take my flight—
Gloomy land, good night!

Sweet Seraph, thy signal I hail with glee,
Most happy my spirit to rise with thee;
For this groaning earth is a place I fear—
Here my weary eyes have oft shed a tear.

I long to be where tears will never flow,
To taste of the leaves that shall ever grow—
For the healing of nations and of me ;
Bright being, 'tis there my soul fain would be.

So, lead through the ether to realms of light,
Where praises resound and sweet songs delight ;
Unclouded, I know, my home there shall be,
Far fairer than any on earth I see.

The Star of the East will have risen there,
The Sun of my soul did the whole prepare ;
My Maker and God, before earth began,
Foretold this result of His Mighty plan.

THE CEDARS OF LEBANON.

The cedars of fam'd Lebanon,
Reduc'd so much we see,
That any child might write the list ;
Yet, stately is each tree.

As sentinels they seem to stand,
Guarding that sacred spot ;
Mourning for dead and buried friends,
And envying their lot.

They may wave on till Jesus reigns,
And Palestine regains ;
The Holy Land is God's acre—
A seed there yet remains

That shall spring up and flourish (while
All other seeds decay),
And bring forth fruit upon the vine,
Destin'd to live for aye.

Scatter'd both north and south, the lords
Of that once favour'd land ;
And east and west they wander far,
Curb'd by a Mighty hand.

Rush'd to destruction, long ere this,
Had He let go the reins—
Guided by *love*, they yet toil on,
In paths that He ordains.

Those paths lead home to Salem's tow'rs;
Subdu'd, they there shall rest,
Acknowledging with highest pow'rs,
Whate'er He does is best.

God's people are a pleasant plant,
Grafted in Him by love ;
Never to die—how can they die ?
Immortal, they must prove.

With root and branch and flow'r and fruit,
Supplied by living stream ;
Those who attempt to choke their race,
Must vanish like a dream.

All other nations doom'd, we read,
Are to decline and cease ; (Jer. xxx. 11)
But Israel—God's pleasant plant,
Is one that shall increase.

Its root immortal—so the *Branch*,
The Lord of Hosts the Vine ;
Though offshoots sour grapes produce—
Yet, sweet its blood ting'd wine.

New, may we drink it at the feast,
Prepar'd by Him we love ;
Our royal Partner will *enthrone*
His Bride in state above.

The cedars of fam'd Lebanon,
Then will have ceas'd to be ;
And new made heav'n and earth replace,
Those now beheld by thee.

"FOR NOW WE SEE THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."

Almighty !—Do you mark that name ?
Almighty !—Dare you Him defame ?
What the Almighty does is right ;
If *you* are doubting, *dim your sight.*

Cause of all causes—we proceed
From the First Cause, and all things need ;
" I understand not," you complain—
" Such mystery, who can explain ? "

Go on, complaining, who will hear ?
Is it not He who formed the ear ?
Go on, exploring ; in this night,
Who, but thy Maker, guides aright ?

Listen to all the wisest say—
Living, are they, in night or day ;
We, through a vail, now darkly see ;
But, face to face, soon known shall be.

What does man know—untaught of God ?
His breath withdrawn—a cold, clay clod !
Mov'd by our Maker, we may vie
With angels in the purest sky.

O! most glorious Majesty!
Help me to write, inspired by Thee,
Truth, that must everlasting be,
As Thine immortal Unity.

Man was created grand and pure—
Fit, all his honours to endure;
Holy and good, and fram'd to reign;
Eden, his *birthright* and *domain.*

Where was he weak?—I tell thee not;
Satan thought he discern'd the spot;
There he descended—tempted Eve;
She fell; at which my soul doth grieve.

The Scripture tells us God foresaw
This desperate and life-long war;
Prepar'd a Captain for the strife,
To lead His ranks to endless life

Why He was slain on Calvary,
Both lost and sav'd one day shall see;
Blood was the price He paid for thee—
Queenly, thy nuptial dow'r shall be.

That He has triumph'd, be quite sure;
Much on this earth we may endure;
Yet, after all, His chosen seed
Shall have, at last, all things they need.

Seated on throne that none dispute,
All in His presence will be mute;
Speechless, the slave of vice and sin,
Through strong convictions felt within.

Then open'd to the gaze of all,
Will be the thoughts of great and small;
And many there, aghast will fall,
Wishing they could the past recall.

How vain! Too late they see their state—
Such truth it grieves me to relate;
Yet, grieving will not change their doom,
Or scatter clouds that o'er them loom.

Death trampl'd underfoot—new life
Shall burst forth from this field of strife;
The *Conqueror*, with crowns shall deck
The rescued from this stormy wreck.

Forfeited through weak compliance,
Eden now lies in abeyance;
When Paradise shall be reclaim'd,
Where man was weak shall be proclaimed.

Eden regain'd, and Christ, the Lord,
Whose wealth can all outlays afford;
How can there any know a grief,
To which he cannot give relief?

Safe on the shore where tempests cease,
Their pleasures ever shall increase;
Wise men, do you dispute my lore?
Refute it on yon shining shore.

God owns all worlds—o'er angels reigns—
Unchang'd, the great "I Am" remains;
This heav'n and earth may pass away;
His Word shall not—it lasts for aye!

SHALL WE GET THERE?

SHALL we get there? Shall we get there?
Shall we reach yon shining shore?
Shall we ever gain yon fair world,
Where temptation is no more?

Shall we conquer in the battle
Wag'd against the flesh and sin?
Shall we victors be, through Jesus,
And His Spirit plac'd within?

Yes! I feel sure, working with Him,
Quite resolved to watch and pray,
We shall be those blessed realms in,
Where no pleasures can decay.

Worlds of glory, full of riches,
Formed as pleasure haunts to be;
Shall be peopled with our spirits,
Set from Satan's thraldom free.

Oh, may all my dear relations
Haste with me to yonder shore;
Through Christ's blood be new creations,
Praising God for evermore.

Clap our hands, may we, in gladness;
Sing in chorus songs of glee;
Freed from ev'ry cause of sadness,
May our course exulting be.

Like the leaf on spray expanding,
We shall germinate and spring
Into flow'r and fruit most pleasing,
And in harvest rest and sing.

Nuptial feast! my soul awaits thee;
Garments for it I prepare;
Gems befitting, Christ shall bring me—
Costly are His gifts, and rare.

Pause and wonder! Man, on earth born,
Can you ever reach yon sky?
Yes, I answer; Christ, for us slain,
Magnetic, shall draw us nigh.

Interwoven—born together—
Of the flesh and spirit twain;
Intertwin'd, to God behoven,
We shall ever one remain.

Unfrequented paths of glory,
Shall we tread in unison;
Rove along, in perfect beauty,
Cloth'd in garments like the sun.

Shining brightly, never fading,
God's redeem'd will last for aye;
Gorgeous, in their white apparel;
Such their *foretold* destiny.

Golden home, arrang'd by angels;
Gemm'd wall'd palace, safe and fair;
Pearly gates, wide open, leave us
Ample room to enter there.

Dull are suns, before His brightness;
Moons, as sickly glares appear;
But, His people, clad in whiteness,
Are transcendent in their gear.

Oh! all glory! glory! glory!
Be to Thee—blest Trinity!
How most wonderful the story,
Here reveal'd to us by Thee!

Matter, earth-born things, then heed not;
Evanescent, all we see;
In immortal scenes of splendour
Priests and kings our state shall be.

DESIRE.

Bright Sun of Righteousness arise, and shine—
Thou heat, that heats all heat that warms and comforts me;
Thy rays abstract not, least I chill and cool—
Frozen and dead my fate, if far withdrawn from Thee.

I shall a light to lighten others be,
If I, attracted to Thee, reflect glimmers bright;
After my course is run, I shall rejoice,
And merge in Thee again—Thou source of endless light.

Then, in unclouded regions, I shall roam;
Friends and relations, hasten with me to that spot;
There, can be neither darkness, mist, or gloom,
For gold and gemm'd wall'd mansions are each lov'd guest's lot.

Pearly gated, bright and blood bought city—
Built as a home by Thee, who did redeem our race ;
Crystal waters through it flow and eddy,
Sparkling like stars, as they reflect Thy shining face.

Angels and archangels all adore Thee,
And my poor feeble voice shall join when Thou art prais'd ;
Bowing low, my soul shall be before Thee,
Till from the dust, in reset glory, it is raised.

ACTS v.

A CERTAIN man, nam'd Annanias,
Land he was posses'd of, had sold ;
His wife, called Sapphira, had helped him—
The fact, the Apostles they told.

He kept back a part of the money,
And thought it would never be known ;
A Jezabel, was his Sapphira,
The Scripture most plainly has shown.

She aided him in the deception ;
They lied unto God—not to man ; (ver. 2)
Their fearful destruction we read of— (ver. 5—10)
Oh ! run not the risk that they ran.

They died, and were borne forth and buried,
And now lie awaiting their doom;
Their Judge will proclaim their demerit,
As soon as they rise from the tomb.

Untruthfulness now is so common,
That many sit silent and sigh;
They know it will help on delusion,
While surely the judgment draws nigh.

If truthfully we here endeavour,
To deal with each other below;
Hereafter, when we meet together,
Our hearts with thanksgiving will glow.

The God of all truth will receive us,
And press us in love to His side;
Adorn us in white shining raiment,
And call us, His purchas'd fair bride.

Oh! think of the truth I am telling,
Inspir'd with its beauty go on;
Fall low at its temple and worship,
Till heavenly mansions are won.

The Lord of all truth sits in glory—
A mantle is truth round His throne:
Sapphira will there loathe her story,
And sink with the untruthful one.

FEARFUL THE MISERY WE SEE.

FEARFUL the misery we see around,
Enough the merciful and thoughtful to astound;
Why is it? oft we ask ourselves and sigh,
Wait—saith the Lord, the answer cometh bye-and-by.

Science has tried in vain to comprehend,
Why there is evil? why continu'd? when its end?
Scripture alone can furnish a safe clue—
To *meekly read it*, seems the wisest thing to do.

The *slave trade*—see that awful curse of man!
Quite understand it—is there any here who can?
Yet wait, Jehovah saith—all shall be free
Who love, and put their full abiding trust *in Me.*

Poor animals—who toil along in pain,
Casting their miserable eyes on us, *in vain;*
Few seem to heed their feeble wailing cry,
Yet it doth reach their Maker—Lord and God on high.

Ah! yes, He hears—and as men sow they reap,
And selfish, cruel hearts, in darkness soon will weep;
For tares of grief they sow'd on all below,
Woe is their portion at the last, *and justly so.*

Ye who believe in God—with patience wait,
Wander not after Satan's tempting gilded bait;
Keep in the narrow way, with caution run,
Till *golden crowns,* to victors promis'd, shall be won.

There, we are told, shall great rejoicing be,
When the right Heir of this world gains the victory;
Cruel usurpers will have passed away—
Darkness their everlasting portion, and dismay.

No one shall hurt around that Just One's throne,
Humanity and love shall blossom there alone;
No slave there, fetter'd—all are rich and free,
All live ecstatic, praising His divinity.

No wailing sound, or doleful, mournful cry,
Shall mar melodious sounds that angels harp on high;
We all shall keep the tune in music sweet,
Our well-train'd voices will the harmony complete.

United in that domain shall be each knot,
Solv'd ev'ry mystery, and sanctified each spot;
No lamentation there will ever be,
High is the lowest—rising higher each degree.

How high we lowly ones are yet to rise,
Is known alone to Him who made the earth and skies;
Thus much we know, it will cause great surprise,
As we shall share His rule in future dynasties.

We are ordain'd to sit with Him in state,
Magnificent beyond my power to relate ;
And rule o'er cities, and the nations judge—
Think how the fallen spirits will our rank begrudge.

They once were blest, and had they kept their state,
I might have had more pleasing stories to relate ;
Fallen our race is—fallen all we scan,
Through fallen angels also came the fall of man.

Yet, through a Saviour, we may yet be sav'd ;
The deform'd, He can reform—though so much
deprav'd ;
And to His likeness, we shall transform'd be,
Shining in purity and beauty, fair to see.

Augustine—a black diamond of renown,
With Galilean pebbles too, shall deck His crown ;
All lands shall send some jewels rich and rare,
Fit for the King of kings and Lord of lords to wear.

All misery and mystery gone by,
All freed men wond'ring at their happy destiny ;
All scientific men convinc'd at last,
Their ignorance caus'd erring judgment on the past.

DECORATION.

Deformity wants decoration,
But symmetry needs none at all;
The thing that is perfect and holy,
Obscure not with funeral pall.

In Paradise, Adam could saunter—
God's image in him was portray'd;
He thought not of fig leaves or clothing—
What was there to make him afraid?

Quite sinless, untarnish'd, unblighted—
To cover him was to defame;
The Son of God needed no garment—
The wish for disguise is our shame.

The Gospel is true and quite holy—
Why cover it over with slime?
The present age seems to love folly—
Deluded, they waste precious time.

The God who made all is a Spirit—
No sensual gifts or display,
In His sight, can have any merit;
They glitter and turn to decay.

The heart is His throne of devotion,
If He sits not there lov'd alone,
Most surely our fate is destruction—
Disdain'd by that most Holy One.

Oh! give him pure, true, loving service;
Care little for glitter and show;
Such bubbles will burst in a twinkling,
And sink us in darkness below.

Some men in our days cover over,
A body deform'd with their sin,
A cross worked in various colours,
Forgetting that God looks within.

And what does He see there?—His image?
Or, marr'd and perverted, that man—
Disgusted, much more than delighted,
Condemning the race that he ran.

To take up our cross and go forward,
And wage war with every ill;
Is what the true Christian should aim at,
Fulfilling His Maker's known will.

Adonis, by heathens uncover'd,
And Venus, immodestly shown;
Quite clearly declar'd their defilement—
Jehovah's pure love was unknown.

Forgotton was Eden's enjoyment,
When Satan corrupted our race;
No longer walk'd Eve with her Father—
She fled from His presence apace.

Alas! in our churches at present,
Simplicity seems quite despis'd;
To represent things far above us,
Are heathenish customs reviv'd.

This evil is spreading among us,
And where will it end? can you tell?
Join not with the misled around us,
Take warning, my readers—farewell.

EVANESCENT.

Most surely I am fading, fading—
Like the poor old earth on which I dwell;
And gloomy clouds are shading, shading—
Both it, and me, with their shadows, fell.

Slowly my frame is sinking, sinking—
Onward it moves, and will pass away;
Woe, if I am not drinking, drinking—
The water that counteracts decay.

Ailing I am, yet healing, healing—
Are the pure streams that flow forth in love;
Sweet are the tones that pealing, pealing—
Come from the Blessed One's throne above.

How gentle is His dealing, dealing—
With the tender lambs that fill His fold;
None from His arms go reeling, reeling—
Weak and famish'd, or benumb'd with cold.

Aged sheep by Him feeding, feeding—
Feel quite secure when they see Him near;
Young and old, He is heeding, heeding—
Oh! most faithful Shepherd, Saviour dear.

My feeble eyes are straining, straining—
To catch the rays of the rising sun;
Yet sorrows drops keep raining, raining—
Swelling the torrent that sin begun.

Soon I hope to be ringing, ringing—
Sounds from my harp with the angel throng;
Or, through the ether, winging, winging—
My flight to cycles of joy and song.

Happy land! where all glowing, glowing—
With fresh delights, keep expanding more;
Where ev'rything is growing, growing—
Nourish'd by love from a *deathless* shore.

Land of enchantment ! flowing, flowing—
With ev'rything that the soul can need ;
Fatherly kindness showing showing—
That Father with good things all will feed.

BEAUTY.

Beauty here is never perfect—
Marr'd is all we see and hear ;
Face and mind alike disfigur'd,
Either through our guilt or fear.

Perfect, oh ! no—nothing perfect—
Wait we must before such bliss ;
Imperfection here is rampant,
All things seem to go amiss.

So it is—for sin has blighted
God's creation, once so fair ;
Man, through it, is sore benighted—
Worn with sorrow, guilt, and care.

Beasts and reptiles, fowls and fishes,
All, in short, find more or less—
Many willing to distress them,
Few who lovingly caress.

And with sorrow do I write it,
Sad as things were when we came ;
We have added to the grievance,
And know beauty but by name.

Yet, a brighter day is coming,
So the Scriptures guarantee ;
Ugliness will then have vanish'd,
Chang'd to beauty, fair to see.

All the cause of sorrow buried ;
Banish'd, spirits that destroy'd ;
Resurrection frames shall flourish—
All be happily employ'd.

Then will beauty in perfection,
Burst on our astonish'd sight ;
Faces full of delectation,
Smile in everlasting light.

Whosoever—whatsoever—
Rais'd in the new world to bloom ;
Will a beauty have surpassing,
All on earth, doom'd for the tomb.

Vain below to look for beauty—
Travel on to realms of bliss ;
Seek not everlasting grandeur,
In a fallen state like this.

But be sure each hopeful pilgrim,
Will a crown receive at last;
That will add to prómis'd beauty,
At the final great repast.

When the Bride, with jewels spangled,
Will shine forth from earth's dark night;
Equalling the Bridegroom's splendour—
Brightest of the things most bright.

SUNNY LAND.

Sunny land—sunny land,
Where spirits sing in sportive glee;
Oh, how grand! oh, how grand!
All the embellishments they see.

All for me—all for me,
If I arrive upon that shore;
Mine to be—mine to be,
Its countless wealth for evermore.

Place of rest—place of rest,
The child of God shall there remain;
Ever blest—ever blest,
Free from all carefulness and pain.

Honeymoon—Honeymoon,
The Bride of Christ shall there enjoy ;
Coming soon—coming soon,
That state of bliss without alloy.

Throne of state—throne of state,
The Mighty One shall sit on thee ;
All elate—all elate,
The sharers of His dignity.

Day by day—day by day,
All magnify Thy wondrous name ;
No decay—no decay,
Can ever blight Thy lov'd one's frame.

Earth destroy'd—earth destroy'd,
A home remains for all who love ;
Well employ'd—well employ'd
Are those prepar'd for realms above.

Sunny land—sunny land,
You seem to draw my soul on high ;
And expand—and expand,
Existing germs that dormant lie.

When burst forth—when burst forth,
From this dry root put underground ;
Then its worth—then its worth,
Will wasters of this time astound.

Green and fair—green and fair,
Are flowrets round the Tree of Life ;
Choice and rare—choice and rare,
Unblemish'd by sin's venom'd strife.

Golden home—golden home,
Built by my Maker's loving hands ;
I shall roam—I shall roam,
Quite satisfied, in sunny lands !

"EVERY GOOD AND PERFECT GIFT IS FROM ABOVE."

All that is beautiful, all that is bright,
Comes from the Lord of all power and might ;
All that is lovable, all that I prize,
Comes from my Father, who dwells in the skies.

Far above all I see, He reigns supreme—
Beautiful He must be, more than I dream ;
Waking in realms of light, when seen by me,
Picture my rapture and wild ecstasy.

All will be pleasure and unfading bliss,
Kindly the welcome there, loving the kiss ;
Perfect, immortal, unfading, most grand
I shall be if I reach that happy land.

L

Parent and child there are parted no more,
Old friends will meet quite rejoic'd on that shore;
Sons of God, dignified, ever there reign—
Justified, purified, so to remain.

Angelic messengers fly to and fro,
Increasing pleasure wherever they go;
Oh, the strange chorus that one day shall ring
Through the high heavens when all flesh shall sing.

Father, so powerful, lasting and true,
Keep me from joining the thoughtless who rue,
In the abyss, the sad choice that they made;
At their doom make me aghast and afraid.

Knowing my nothingness, I would abide
Under Thy folded wings safe by Thy side;
Keep me from envying spirits who blight,
And lie in wait to destroy in this night.

Rays of all colours blend round the White Throne,
On which supremely reigns the Holy One;
Gems of rare beauty undoubtedly deck,
All that are rescued from this blighted speck.

And speck indeed this earth now seems to me,
When compar'd with that deck'd out, Lord, by Thee.
Unthought of splendour is yet to unfold,
In Thy mines lies a wealth, endless, untold.

Words would fail to express scenes form'd by Thee;
Far beyond mortals' thoughts heaven must be,
Even the angels will look with surprise
On the inventions, Thou, God wilt devise.

Stare in amazement I shall at such wealth,
Shout out in merriment, revel in health—
Sickness, a thing unknown; death in the tomb,
And pain never heard of—*all in full bloom!*

WHO ARE THY BOATMEN?

THINK, man! what immortality must mean,
And endless state of bliss, or fearful woe;
Time floats us onward at the swiftest pace—
Two sorts of boatmen—thither all men row.

Who are thy boatmen?—are they godly men?
Or Satan's stalwart, crafty, jealous crew;
Bent on destroying all divine love made—
Or those who wish thy spirit to renew?

Rais'd from the depths where lying dragg'd down Eve,
All who believe shall rise to higher climes;
But those who fell through pride and discontent
Shall everlastingly lament their crimes.

Where shall we be when time shall be no more?
Answer, I pray thee, ere it be too late;
Wash'd in the blood of Christ, we may be sav'd,
Escaping horrors fearful to relate.

Say to the boatmen, whither art thou bent?
Knows't thou the *Good Man* reigning on yon shore?
Will He forgive the time I have mispent?
Can He my faded beauty quite restore?

If they are faithful men, they will reply—
Our Master outdoes all you can demand;
He loves beyond a mother's love, and reigns,
Enriching all who seek that happy land.

Unfaithful men would have you fear and doubt,
Raising objections till the tide gets low,
Then mock to see you finding out too late—
Mercies rejected, at last cease to flow.

Lovers of Jesus, man the life boat—row,
"Fear not" cry out, swiftly we bring relief;
He who the ocean fathoms is on board,
And "peace be still" is uttered by its Chief.

What wave can dash—what sea roar out its foam,
If He, who it created, should exclaim,
"There shall be no more sea," dried up its source;
Gardens of beauty from its flood reclaim.

Inhabited its hidden caves shall be,
By whom, and when, it is not for us to know;
Out of these earthly, fragile, clay-built shells
Most brilliant and immortal plants shall grow.

In now unfathom'd tombs, no doubt, lie hid
The slain of those who sinn'd before the flood;
Gems from great depths also when brought to light
Will be proclaim'd by Him who made them *good.*

Out of the tomb the Christian is to rise
In incorruption—exquisitely pure,
Perfect in beauty, as yet unconceived;
Like his Creator—*ever to endure.*

Are we gems, polish'd for the Victor's brow,
Or ashes He will trample under foot;
Shall *we be* lordly princes of renown,
Or wither through sin's canker at the root?

Answer, immortal man—time swiftly flies,
As I began I end—seek ere too late
The land where oceans of delight roll on—
Avoid the *the dark one's counsel and his fate.*

Plunge in the stream supplied by endless love;
Bathe in its waters strengthening and pure;
Invigorated, rise from that cool bath—
Fit, all Thy nuptial's honours to endure.

NOVEMBER 30TH.

To-day apart for prayer is fix'd—
I pray Thy Kingdom, Lord, may come;
Gather from north and south and west,
To *east*, Thy scatter'd children home.

My little fish and barley loaves
I put within my Saviour's hands;
The men, I know, He will sit down,
And feed in starving heathen lands.

One fold may Jew and Gentile be—
Shepherd divine, and Saviour dear,
Gather us gently all round Thee,
Folded in love—what can we fear?

"LEAD ME AND GUIDE ME."

(*Psalm* xxxi. 3.)

Into the stream of error
Let me not cast my drop;
Keep me, Lord, Thine for ever—
Be Thou my guide and prop.

Oceans of sin are rolling,
Waves foaming guile I see;
Help me to float above them,
Safe in the Ark keep me.

Though not a Noah—cherish
The spark lit up by Thee;
Leave me not, God, to perish,
Pilot and Captain be.

Steer me to yonder haven,
When time shall be no more;
Waft to the promis'd *good land*,
Where all Thy works adore.

There love flows in sweet streamlets,
Above the cave of crime,
And all, like Hermon's hill top,
Suck in the dew, sublime.

Green there the pastures, growing
To feed Thy chosen fold;
Food there is in abundance,
Prepar'd in days of old.

Though time shall flow no longer,
Eternity must last;
How long, for those who perish?
Well may they wake, aghast!

Yet, not too long for spirits
Rais'd up for glee and mirth,
To share, through Jesu's merits,
A new made heav'n and earth.

That Captain—that Commander,
In love shall govern all;
Peace will remain unbroken,
Quite happy great and *small.*

All dross and streams of evil,
Will henceforth cease to flow;
Oceans of pleasure roll on,
Over the pit of woe.

ON THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANT SMITH.

Nyanza—he who once survey'd,
With loving heart, thy waters clear,
Died, that thine owners might be taught
To love the name to him so dear.

Nyanza—if we mourn his fate,
And tears fall freely o'er the slain;
Say, is it too much sorrow shown,
For one to whom to die was gain?

Great is our loss, and Afric's too;
Dim was his sight,* yet even then,
His spirit saw afar the Light—
That Light which illumes fallen men.

* He was nearly blind latterly.

He gloried in Christ's coming reign,
  Earths rightful Monarch, true and just,
And felt it duty to proclaim,
  A resurrection from the dust.

Believing, loving truth, he died—
  That is to say, his spirit fled,
Far from this scene of wrath and strife—
  Aye, for his Master's cause, he bled.

Each trickle from the savage wounds,
  Inflicted by a darken'd race;
Roll'd him along the stream that floats,
  The Christian to the throne of grace.

There, he is landed, safe and sound—
  Storms will disturb his peace no more;
"Well done good servant," he has heard,
  His service now is to adore.

A DIALOGUE.

MORTAL—See you that woman there, with grizzled hair?
  She is no longer either young or fair;
    What is the use of her remaining here?
LORD— She feeds some little one.

MORTAL—She stoops and is ungainly in her gait—
Appears a summons from above to wait;
She does not seem, above, fit to appear.
LORD— She loves My chosen Son.

LORD— I look not on the outer form, like you;
The spirit in her is both pure and true;
She leaves no work assigned her, in arrear—
Her race is nearly run.

And victor you shall see her soon proclaim'd,
A conqueror by My decision named;
One who shall stand before Me without fear—
All evil she doth shun.

Ignoble to you may seem her career,
Yet many lonely hearts she lives to cheer;
She is to them, and Me, now doubly dear—
Her light shines like the sun.

Eclipsed in time her radiance may be,
Yet, she is destined for a throne by Me;
The crown that in My kingdom she will wear—
Through love, on earth was won.

BELOW THE HORIZON OF LIFE.

BELOW the horizon of life, I feel
That I am slowly sinking, then to rise
To either realms of bliss, or endless woe.
The first death is to leave this earthly scene ;
Spirit returning to its God : what then?
Perhaps the second death, I fear the first ;
Do you? When the great day of wrath is come,
Who will be able undismayed to stand [Rev. vi. 17
Before the Great "I Am"? Veiled be His face,
Or I shall shrink before Him, sore dismayed,
Unnerved, astonished—what to say, *perplexed.*

Yet is my hope in that undying One—
First child, then man, so crucified for me ;
Alpha and Omega—the first the last—
Possessing keys, to lock and unlock hell,
And, open heaven to all His progeny.

Yes—all my hope is centred in His frame,
That suffered agony untold for me ;
He will uphold when evil ones assail—
"Fear not," He says—safe on My bosom rest ;
They shall not pluck thee from My grasp, *beloved ;*
Worm that thou art, a glory is in store
For all redeemed by Me—out-shining far
The butterfly, that from the worm doth rise ;
The child, that puny looks beside its sire ;
The star, that at daybreak is faintly seen ;
The moon, that, though it lightens up the gloom,
Is nothing when the sun shines in its height.

The second death !—I fear it spite of all;
Though He says, "Fear thou not," I tremble sore;
I am but dust conformed to lordly shape—
Corruptible and fading day by day;
I dread the change, that, though it hurts me not,
Will plant me in a region yet unknown.

I fear (I know I should not, but rejoice,)
That this mortality should be entombed,
And swallowed up in victory most sure;
How strange to feel amazed and terrified
At that which puts distress at rest for aye.

Surely the evil spirit must delight
To darken promised blessings with a fear—
Envying the happiness he shares not,
Trying to imbitter all that sweetens,
Clouding the most effulgent beams of light,
Freezing the thawing passions of the heart,
Chilling divine love's summer breezes too.

Succeed, he shall not; for the time must come
When ghastly death shall be no more—no gloom
No fear, no pain, no tear—all ceased and gone—
All numbered with the past; such horrid things
Forgotten, so to speak; *all life a song.*

A life that knows no ending, lasting bloom;
A state full of enjoyment, painless, free—
Such the inheritance of saints in light;
Apparel white and glistening shall take

The place of fig-leaves, and earth's gaudy rags ;
The pure and faultless spirit shall be clothed
With taste and grace unthought of in these climes.

The trumpet's sound shall call no more to war,
No wounded groan unheeded mid the slain ;
Unbroken peace shall be when once proclaimed ;
No sorrow cloud the sunshine of His rest,
No captive there will fettered drag along—
Free are the sons and daughters of the Lord,
Magnificent their mansions and their robes ;
Safe all that blood bought royal family.

Then fear not, worm of earth—let us try
To realize the good things coming soon ;
Promised by Him who cannot lie—our God,
Who swallows up all death in victory.

HOPE.

In that beautiful heaven my God hath prepar'd
(And for it immortal sweet florets hath rear'd),
Shall I rove in white garments with spirits divine,
And through my Redeemer eternally shine?

In the spendid Gold City foreseen by St. John,
I hope for a mansion through God's only Son ;
And His Spirit I ask to enlighten my soul,
And fit it for honours if I reach that goal.

Men should pray and not faint, He declares in His Word,
The prayer that is heartfelt will surely be heard ;
And I know that I pray, though I sometimes feel faint,
And wonder if I shall at last be a saint?

How sure is His promise—" Those who ask shall receive ;"
I know I ask much—ah ! much more will He give—
Yes, much more than I ask, or I think will be mine,
For He that hath made me—the same can refine.

If refin'd, how transcendent my lustre will be—
Burn'd up all my dross, I shall be fair to see ;
The Refiner will own me, and call me His child—
How soft His caresses, His accents how mild !

Lull'd to sleep on His bosom, to wake on His throne,
And find the Eternal One wholly mine own ;
What words can describe it?—Inexhaustable love
Pervading existence wherever I rove !

CHRISTIANITY.

(*St. John* iii. 16, 17.)

WHAT Christianity ?—Love, mighty love,
Shown by the Father the Son and the Dove ;
Soft, dove-like Spirit, wrath soften'd by Thee,
Caus'd the Paternal One, gentle to be.

So He sent forth His Son—not in His ire,
Not to destroy the earth, with flood or fire;
But to subdue it and from it regain
Those who, through want of love, Satan had slain.

And He succeeded, for now on this earth,
Work a few loving souls, through the new birth;
One with their risen Lord, they try to shine,
Through the gloom *sin* has caus'd—be their lot mine.

Salt, they are stopping corruption's fell sway,
Enlight'ning the darkness, heralding day—
That last day of Judgment, when God shall call
To account rich and poor, great ones and small.

Sad, there, the fate of all those who love not;
Enemies of it will then mourn their lot—
Sink with Satanic accusers and sigh,
And with unloving deceivers must die.

Pity them, pity ye, who love the Lord,
Speedy assistance to them now afford;
Snatch them as brands from the burning away,
Off with their rags, cloth them with white array.

Lead them above all that tends to disgrace,
Lead them where God's image none can deface,
Lead them where serving Him is a delight,
Lead them where tyrants no more can affright.

Lead them where Satan can tempt them no more,
Lead them where all things their Maker adore,
Lead them where sin has no power to blight,
Lead them to regions that never know night.

Lead them where sunlight continues the bloom
Sprung forth from this world's cold, chilly dark tomb,
Lead them where grapes ripen on the True Vine,
Lead them where loving hearts never repine.

Lead them to rivers of pleasure that flow,
Causing immortal sweet florets to grow;
Lead them to that Golden Palace and home,
Where all redeem'd by the Mighty One roam.

Lead them where oceans of bliss roll along,
Lead them where Cherubims sing a sweet song;
Lead them where Seraphims echo the praise,
Lead them to join in the strains that they raise.

Then, with the whole Host of Heaven unite
Exquisite melody, glorious sight;
Musical festival, harmony sweet—
Lord give us tickets for that Bridal treat.

Seated beside Thee, may we there abide—
Chosen, Thy loved ones, Thy jewels, Thy pride,
Living for ever united to Thee—
Happiness thenceforth our portion will be.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

HELP me to write, Father, beautiful praise,
Such as the angels sing, heavenly lays;
Glory to Jesus, Thy lov'd only Son;
Glory to Thee, Mighty Lord, Holy One;
Endless Thy great glory ever must be,
Father, Son, Spirit pure, blest Trinity.

Glory must ever be to the Most High;
High Priest, and Saviour King, Lord in the sky;
Lord of the depths, air, earth, sun, moon and stars;
Maker of Saturn, Orion and Mars;
Call'd each by name they were (so we are told)
In thy Word, written for guidance of old.

Glorious Majesty, Thy Word is Truth—
May that lamp brightly burn, guiding our youth,
Cheering our middle age, and to the tomb,
Gilding the shadows that over it loom;
Filling with praises our souls as they rise,
Purified, sanctified, up to the skies.

To Thee, Thou Prince of Peace, trophies all bring,
Songs of Thy conquests the ransom'd shall sing—
Echoing strains heard on earth at Thy birth,
Foretaste of lasting enjoyment and mirth.
Oh, Thou eternal One, list to my lay,
Accept this tribute of praise that I pay.

Glory be to Thee! Hosanna I sing;
Glory be to Thee! Eternal Great King;
Glory be to Thee! Thou heavenly Vine;
Glory be to Thee! Thou Spirit divine;
Glory be to Thee! whom angels adore;
Glory be to Thee! God blest evermore!

"AN HEIR OF GOD THROUGH CHRIST."

(*Galatians* iv. 7.)

We certainly appear to men
Imperfect, sinful, small;
Yet heirs we are of God, through Christ—
The Lord and Judge of all.

His Spirit hath gone forth in love,
To sanctify each child;
Chang'd by His influence divine,
Princes we must be styl'd.

Priests after His High Priesthood too;
Kings we shall also be— (Rev. v. 10)
As King of kings and Lord of lords,
He rules eternally. (Rev. xix. 16)

His loving children, one in Christ,
Shall share a wealth so vast;
That those despising it on earth,
Will sink below aghast.

Wishing they had believ'd the *Truth*,
In darkness to remain;
Lamenting o'er their hopeless state,
Gnashing their teeth in pain. (Matt. xiii. 50)

What can be done to stop the crowd,
That thoughtlessly rush on—
Rejecting such amazing wealth,
Offer'd by God's own Son?

I know not, unbelieving hearts,
Like rocks and stones appear;
Say what you will, do what you will,
They neither care nor fear.

And further, some have gone so far,
As to deny a God;
Laugh at the few who work for Him,
And fear His wrath and rod.

A time will come when He will laugh,
And deaf be to their cry;
Stretch out their hands they shall in vain,
Writhing in agony.

Whose child am I?—Let all men ask;
Which am I—rich or poor?
Make sure, ere death can claim his prey,
And time shall be no more.

FREEZING.

FREEZING I am in this bleak region,
Lord, I feel drowsy, numb, and cold;
The frost of sin is all round blighting—
Both fruit and flowers, young and old.

See how iniquity doth flourish,
Indifferent the mass appear;
Indignant if you tell them of it,
They seem to neither care nor fear.

And what will be *the end* of it all?
A darken'd dwelling closed from light;
Ice-bound for ever, sunshine never,
Cheering the hopeless inmates' sight.

Warm me, my Father, in Thy bosom,
Rouse me to energy and life;
Keep me from sinking down desponding,
Sharpen my weapons for this strife.

The battle won and winter beaten,
The Spring enthron'd all warm and mild;
I shall rise up like snowdrop peeping,
And bloom above, a cherish'd child.

REALMS OF GLORY.

REALMS of glory, homes of bliss
(Unlike scenes of sin like this)—
Full of sparkling jewels rare,
Fill'd with spirits pure and fair ;
I would reach Thee, there abide,
And be my belov'd One's Bride.

I would value His great love,
And adoring round Him move ;
Faithful Spouse I wish to be,
As He gave His life for me ;
For me died on Calvary—
Love I would eternally.

Feeble is a love like mine,
Oh, I want the warm sunshine ;
Upward it would draw my face,
For the Bridegroom's fond embrace ;
Clasped for ever to His side,
Then I should be satisfied.

Not till then can terror cease,
Not till then, can I know peace ;
Yet, I fear to launch away,
And on earth would longer stay ;
Death's cold valley dark and drear
Is the journey that I fear.

"Fear not" are His words to me,
Childish surely I must be;
What is there to cause alarm?
Who His cherish'd ones can harm?
Want of faith obscures the light—
Sin it is that dims my sight.

Come, belov'd One—vanquish sin,
Reign o'er every ev'ry thought within
Claim me, for I am Thine own;
Seed I am, for heaven sown;
Reap me, in Thy garner store,
Keep me Thine for evermore.

In that golden jewell'd home,
With Thee, Saviour, I would roam;
Twine round Thee, absorb Thy rays,
Join in everlasting praise—
Share with spirits pure and bright,
All that can the soul delight.

Thou hast pray'd we one may be,
I in Thee and Thou in me;
All ask'd—God hath given thee,
Sharing His divinity;
Marvellous affinity!
Ever blessed Trinity!

Lost in wonder, here I muse;
All my errors, Lord, excuse;
I would not Thy wealth refuse
Or thy gracious gifts misuse—
Thy delights I would enjoy,
In Thy service all employ.

THE GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The grand musical festival, when will it be?
At that meeting harmonious, who shall we see?
Is that gay, festive concert far off, or close by?
Is it here on this earth, or above in the sky?

Far above in the sky, must it surely take place,
Yet some first-rate performers will rise from our race —
To take part in the canticles angels will raise,
And to join in the chorus when all flesh shall praise.

With the whole host of heaven, archangels will sing,
And the tiniest there, add a merry tinkling;
Animated with fervour, and glowing with zeal,
Do just fancy the sounds, that through heaven will peal.

Far above all we fancy, those sounds, and that sight,
All the senses enraptured with joy and delight;
With a fresh animation sprung up from the tomb,
More amazing the contrast through previous gloom.

And those well-train'd performers will never disgrace,
The Conductor who chose, and put them in their place;
With His Spirit enliven'd, each will take his part,
Then excited with thankfulness sing from the heart.

It is vain to conceive what will be the sweet lays,
At that State Bridal feast of the Ancient of Days;
Yet I hope to be there with a harp in my hand,
And performing with others in that happy band.

Oratorios there, may be heard of no more,
None Creation repeat, or the Deluge deplore;
The last judgment over—then Messiah must be,
The *first cause of that Concert* and vast harmony.

Wonderful—wonderful! none there shall *ever* sigh,
Mighty God—excellent—ended all mystery;
And everlasting, the Father of all we see,
Prince of Peace, endless Thy reign shall there, ever be.

Wonderful—wonderful! exquisite minstrelsy,
Thrilling with ecstasy, all who sit nigh and by;
Wonderful—wonderful! countless hosts ever cry,
Wonderful—wonderful! echoes eternally.

Wonderful—wonderful! Infinite Wisdom reigns—
Join all that lives and breathes in the unearthly strains;
Mighty the Majesty sitting in state to hear,
Bass, treble, tenor—*give one everlasting cheer!* Amen.

ABYSS OF WOE.

Is there a place where hope never can enter?
Is there a state, gloomy, cheerless, forlorn?
Is there a region, where pleasant sights never
Gladden the eyes, or delight the careworn?

There is a space that the lost must inhabit—
Ceaseless the wailing and misery there;
Terrible plagues in that pit are secreted,
Fearing and trembling, all live in despair.

They may perhaps hear in that dismal dwelling,
Sounds the redeemed from its depths sing above;
Making their pain and distress the more poignant,
Mourning in hatred the absence of love.

Woe is their portion, all Scripture foretells it,
Woe—endless woe—is the state of the lost;
Let us climb upward, away from the chasm,
Haste from destruction, whatever the cost.

Light is the burden, Christ's little ones carry,
And, He assists them, whenever they ask;
Near them, He ever is ready to tarry,
Helping them through the most difficult task.

Short is life's journey and once safely over,
Worlds of great beauty will burst on the sight;
All in those exquisite realms will discover,
Unheard of treasures—gems lovely and bright.

Fearful the contrast between that safe dwelling,
Carefully built for the holy and true;
And the abode where lost spirits, tormented,
Ever the evil one's tyranny rue.

2 CORINTHIANS vi. 17.

"COME out," the Lord of Hosts hath said,
Come out, and herd not with the dead;
Come out, and join the weary train
That follow Christ—the Lamb once slain.

In wickedness this old world lies, (1 John v. 19)
And he who loves it, God defies; (James iv. 4)
Don't float, like dead fish with the stream,
And yet of rest and safety dream.

Demas, at one time, seem'd to walk (2 Tim. iv. 10)
With Christ, and could of heaven talk;
This present life entranc'd his soul,
He never reach'd that longed for goal.

Like him, how many bidding fair,
Appeared for that home to prepare ;
By sin allured, they missed the road,
And sunk beneath earth's gilded load.

Money they longed for—money sought,
Some things may be too dearly bought ;
And so they found it—with a sigh,
They had to drop it—*and to die*?

And whither then ? can they come out
From the dark grave and there about ?
No ! in the region of the lost,
They must remain to count the cost.

What shall it profit if the world
Admired them, when to ruin hurl'd ?
What shall it profit ?—soul reply—
If the Almighty's doom is, *die ?*

Come out—come out, while time remains ;
Wash in Christ's blood, sin's filthy stains,
And white as snow thy soul shall rise,
In robes adapted for the skies ;

Then, at Messiah's nuptial treat,
With more than thought of joys replete ;
You'll not be far off feeding swine,
But revelling in scenes divine.

THE THREE CITIES.

Paris.

Oh! city of pleasure, what did I see,
When passing through, or when staying in thee?
All to the eye at first look'd very gay—
Smart were the people, all chatting away.

Bright shone the sun above, blue was the sky,
Ev'rywhere music heard, none seemed to sigh;
Beautiful carriages in Champs Elyseés,
Fill'd with fair maidens, on cushions easy.

Lovers and ladies gay lounging out there,
Nursemaids and children too, equally fair;
Idlers on chairs, wasting their precious time,
Rapidly sinking from sloth into crime.

A lady on horseback dashing along,
Cavalier after her, fright'ning the throng;
Old Punch and Judy, as seen ev'rywhere,
And blind man with trumpet, blowing a cheer.

Martial the music now, drums beating near—
Troop after troop passing, clouding the air;
Such was the outer side, what was within?
Most, I was often told, revell'd in sin.

Dark was the picture drawn, fright'ning me—
All veil'd be its horrors, not fit to see;
Sad its fate since I left, sadder 'twill be
If they go on in sin—as seen by me.

Let us hope, ere too late, warn'd by the past,
They may seek pleasures more likely to last;
Or, like to Babylon, it must decline,
And o'er its ruins its lovers repine.

LONDON.

Part I.

OH! to think of mighty London,
Astounds and bewilders me;
Four million human beings keep
Rolling onward like a sea.

From the country, like a torrent,
Many people rush to thee—
And thy buried sons and daughters,
What a multitude must be!

On the Thames, that stately river,
Ships from all the nations glide,
And in its commodious harbours,
Ride in safety, side by side.

Thy merchants live like princes now,
And when strangers come to see
Thy commerce and thy mighty stores,
They stand quite amaz'd at thee.

Part II.

Wealthy City of London, how little I know
Of the multitudes passing thy thoroughfares through—
Most seem on business bent,
Money to gain intent,
Going their way;
Many, new things invent,
So their short time is spent,
Hoping 'twill pay.

If successful in business, they soon leave the place—
Buy estates and grand mansions, exalting their race:
Some waste their time in play,
Throwing their lives away,
Rushing along;
Greedily, others keep
Hoarding, and cannot sleep,
Die, and are gone.

After all its sad trouble, its muddle and din—
Foolish short life of pleasure, or long life of sin—
To the tomb they must go,
Rich and poor, all in woe—
Strange motley throng!
Wealth in its splendour weeps,
Poverty silence keeps,
None last here long!

Part III.

So much for thee, London ! wondrous theme of my song,
Floating both of us are on time's swift stream along ;
You must sink ; so must I ; we, too, buried must be
In the caves of the earth, or the depths of the sea.
You must sink ; I must rise ; when no London will be—
The world that is coming will have no place for thee ;
For me, if I'm ready, far above in the sky,
Is a more splendid home than this world can supply ;
To think of its wonders, hope its glory to see,
Is the greatest delight of the spirit in me.

JERUSALEM.

Joyous city ! joyous city,
Built of gold in realms on high ;
There the glassy waters eddy,
And reflect the cloudless sky.

God, the temple where they worship,
Science crown'd lies prostrate there ;
All the cause for prayer has vanish'd,
Nature's chorus fills the air.

Decorations there astonish—
Angels the great feast prepare ;
Bright the crowns the guests adorning,
All its costly treasures share.

There sweet songs from sweeter singers,
Ring an everlasting praise;
Martial strains proclaim a conquest;
Countless hosts the chorus raise.

Sweeter than all earthly music
Must the choir of Heaven be;
All in time, no faulty songster
Mars the perfect harmony.

Adam there may be the leader,
Then a countless number sing;
Infant strains, then treble, tenor—
Wont those walls with anthems ring?

May my voice be heard among them,
Joining in the fairy scene;
Christ, the cause of all this glory,
Is, and has, for ever been.

Joyous city! joyous city,
Even now my eyes though dim,
Catch strange glimpses of thy beauty,
Fill'd with pleasures to the brim.

Oh! descend from heaven quickly,
Earthly cities now decay;
Business over—coarse enjoyments
Then for ever past away.

CARBON AND CO.

[At the Conference of German Naturalists and Physicians held at Munich, 1878, Herr Hœckel maintained "that the human soul was nothing but Carbon and Co. with a flavour of phosphorus."]

If nothing but Carbon and Co, is my soul,
With a flavour of phosphorus—*how very droll!*
As Herr Hœckel states that the thing is just so,
Perhaps he will relate who *made Carbon and Co.*?

THE WANDERING SHEEP.

Jesus, a wand'ring sheep is bleating—
Night winds are howling all around;
Cut are its feet, with hard rocks treading—
Seek for it, Dearest, until found.

Wild beasts are there that might devour it—
Hungry, the robbers lurking near;
Onward they rush, with pointed weapons—
Think of the straggler's grief and fear.

On to the rescue, loving Shepherd—
Heed not the shadows falling fast;
Thou art the Light that knows no darkness—
Thine is a friendship that will last.

Deep the abyss, the culprit stands near,
Fatal its fall if unrestrain'd;
Spring on from rock to rock more swiftly,
Until the erring one is gain'd.

Back to the valley bring it softly,
Never more let it leave the fold;
But closely clasp'd to Thy warm bosom,
Keep it like that describ'd of old.

Like to that wand'ring one, Belovèd,
I, too, oft loiter'd far from Thee;
Till Thy soft smiles my hard heart melted,
And Thy sweet voice spake peace to me.

So I mourn when I hear a bleating,
Like one in danger and despair;
And with a heartfelt supplication,
To Thee for succour thus repair

RANSOMED.

Fair world by God created,
Would all continu'd fair;
Some foe its beauty hated,
Envied its Maker's care;

Satan, it is related,
Enrag'd at scene so rare—
Maliciously elated,
Devis'd for Eve, a snare.

"Yea," saith he, when he set it
(Fair look'd the fruits' ripe skin),
"Thou shalt not die—forget it,
Eating can be no sin;
Eat, thou wilt not regret it
Sweet is the juice therein,
Sorrow may follow—let it,"
Whisper'd he, with a grin.

Triumph'd the arch deceiver,
Sad was her knowledge gain'd;
He hoped his hold for ever,
On her would be retain'd;
He thought not *One* could sever,
Links on his victim chain'd;
And *that One* did deliver,
And Paradise regain'd.

Blood, was the price demanded,
That only could assuage
Wrath (which the Law commanded)—
Just—the Almighty's rage,
Which fell on Christ—expanded,
From childhood to full age;
Man cannot be remanded,
Rebought his heritage.

Though Satan now accuses,
And will while time shall last,
And wilfully refuses,
To own his reign is past;
Though man also misuses,
Things till we stand aghast;
Yet God, His grace infuses,
And holds His ransom'd *fast.*

MUSING, I SAT.

'Twas in a garden beautiful,
Musing I sat one day;
No matter what my thoughts then were,
Like dreams they pass'd away.

My mind unclouded with distrust,
Rejoic'd in all around;
I hoped the future with good things,
And plenty would abound.

Realities now weary me,
Sighing I wander on;
Pass'd is my early mirth and glee,
And youthful friends are gone.

Alas! how true the word of God,
"Like sparks that upward fly,
Vanish the pleasures of this earth,"
For all are doom'd to die.

How sweet the hope that after death,
I shall rise from the grave;
And know what endless pleasure is,
Through *Him* who *died* to *save*.

Reader—need I write down *His* name?
Is He not known to thee?
If not, how sad will be your fate,
Throughout eternity.

Christ is my friend—may He be thine,
Seek Him without delay;
And we shall meet in mansions bright,
That never can decay.

Then in a world more beautiful,
Than aught around we see;
You will *not dream—but realize*,
True happiness with me.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

A GILDING there is at sunset,
A glimmering ere the night,
Hides the Christian from our vision,
And he passes out of sight.

Does he behold celestial things,
His soul, do they wing for flight;
Will that account for his sweet smile,
And expression of delight?

Little we know, but this is sure,
Jesu tarries near His own;
Comes, and conveys them *Home Himself*,
And illumes them from His throne.

The rays reflected from His face,
Falling on the dying one—
Startling beholders, will amaze—
May proclaim a battle won.

HARRIET.

Declining like the setting sun,
After a course divinely run,
I saw a maid surpassing fair,
Reposing on an easy chair.

Death dropp'd a veil before her face,
Proclaim'd her victor in the race;
Angels her spirit hail'd above,
And crown'd her in ecstatic love.

A Bridegroom of celestial mien,
Came forth and claim'd her for His Queen;
One with His Father on His throne,
She lives entirely His own.

LIVING WATER.

As you wander by the brook's side,
And the sparkling water see;
Think of that refreshing streamlet—
Flowing everlastingly.

Springing from a living fountain,
All sustaining it must prove;
God, the well of life, supplies it,
Sweeten'd with the purest love

Through His love, His Son He gave us—
All through love that Saviour came,
And mark'd out a path to glory;
Prais'd for ever be His name.

Cleans'd we are by His good Spirit—
Water is the type he gave;
Signifying sin's destruction—
Buried, through Him, in the grave.

Oceans of delight await us,
When this world shall be no more—
Drink we shall of lasting pleasures,
On yon peaceful happy shore.

Mansions fair and pastures verdant,
Are prepar'd by Christ's own hand;
Angels round His throne are standing—
Smiling, welcome to that land.

Wake! put on a wedding garment,
Linger not by brook or stream;
Soon the Bridegroom will be coming,
Disenchanting those who dream.

Just now, all may look like summer—
Birds be singing—blue the sky;
Ere long winter will be coming—
Summer flowers then must die.

All the source of pleasure frozen—
Earth one dark and dismal grave;
Happy those prepar'd for spring time—
Trusting Him who died to save.

Drink! oh, drink that living water,
Then you never more can thirst;
Those refusing it must perish,
And for ever be accurs'd.

FALSE OR TRUE.

Not what I say, but what I do,
Proves my religion false or true;
Not what I give, not what I write,
Can justify me in God's sight;
My heart must beat for Christ alone—
Be His, and love no other one.

His eye can see, where man is blind,
And in the deep recess can find
A feeble faith and spark of love,
And cherish it till safe above—
There, in His sunlight, to expand,
And flourish in the promis'd land.

Drawn from the cold and dismal tomb,
His lov'd ones burst forth into bloom;
Arranged with care, they decorate
His regal halls and Throne of State;
Immortal, they no winter know—
Though they, perchance, in beauty grow.

Lord, make my soul Thy constant care;
Blest Spirit, *it* for home prepare;
Redeemer! draw me near to Thee—
My all in all for ever be;
Crossing the Jordan on Thy breast,
Land me in everlasting rest.

KNOWLEDGE, SCIENCE, RELIGION.

Ebb not tide of knowledge—
  Roll on wisdom's sea,
Till Jehovah's treasures
  Are disclos'd by thee.

Flow on stream of science,
  Till futurity
Unveils the wisdom hid
  By the Deity.

Glide on true religion—
  When Christ's face we see,
We shall then all exclaim,
  Ended, mystery!

REVELATION xiii. 11.

WHETHER lamb-like, or roaring, Lord, Antichrist slay,
And Thy blood-stain'd, strong banner plant full in his way ;
Like a streamlet at first, he may choose to appear—.
Yet, a torrent he proves as his forces draw near.

Oh, then, who shall withstand him? who, float o'er the serge,
Rais'd by sin's foaming waters—who, from them emerge?
Those who enter the ark, Christ prepar'd us in love,
And He steers them all safely till they land above.

That new haven, secur'd is from tempest and sin,
For most happily, fearlessly, all live within ;
There no wolves cloth'd in lamb-skins can ever do harm,
And whole hosts of oppressors no more can alarm.

For the Lion of Judah reigns there, and His train
Worship Him as Jehovah, though once the lamb slain ;
Unto Him who redeemed them, the new song they ring,
And all occupied space with the echo shall ring.

The sweet voices of angels and archangels too,
We are told, join in praises to Christ as His due ;
Whilst all ever created, alive at the time,
Will delight in the chorus, and in with it chime.

"Worthy the Lamb," their cry, worship His Majesty—
All the redeem'd will smile, singing in ecstasy ;
Harpers with harps shall assist with their minstrelsy—
Discord, be hush'd in death—haronmy ever be !

ON THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

I HAD a tiny doggy once,
And Hector was his name;
Unlike his namesake, he was small,
And little was his fame.

I love him still, and mourn his loss—
How soon he pass'd away;
He died—I cried—and unsupplied
His place is to this day.

ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF A SOLDIER BEING TRODDEN DOWN IN THE DEATH-CART BEFORE HE WAS DEAD AT PLEVNA.

TRAMPLED down in the death-cart, yet not dead withall—
Quite alive to the curse once pronounc'd at the fall;
Desponding, yet hopeful, as his Saviour had said,
Those who trusted, though sleeping, should rise from the dead.

A crush and an anguish, quite unthought of by those
Reading lightly the horrors, sad warfares disclose;
Then a prayer, a fierce conflict, a spasm, repose—
With a transport in heaven his eyelids unclose

Thirst assuaged, hunger satisfied, misery o'er,
(For no battles are fought on yon bright shining shore) ;
Oh, the joy of that moment ! what tongue can express
The rapturous meeting with the welcome caress ?

While the Father the prodigal folds in His arms,
Through a perfect atonement he feels no alarms ;
And the smile of Messiah—God's only lov'd Son,
Whispers, "*Peace is established—the Victory won.*"

ON THE DEATH OF NELLARINA.

(*December*, 1878.)

NELLARINA, forced exotic,
Born to bloom in region fair ;
Thou wert to me, a narcotic—
Hoped, I did, thy lot to share.

Nellarina, thou hast vanish'd,
Like a sun-beam pass'd away ;
Fair one, I am from thee banish'd,
Without thee, how dark the day !

Nellarina, thee bewailing,
I sit mourning here alone ;
Useless—useless my complaining—
Dead thou art belovéd one.

I am old, by sin entangled—
(Short lived was thy maiden bloom;
Now thou art by grace bespangled,
Yet I hate thy dismal tomb.)

Can I hope, in age and weakness,
There may yet a summons be;
Through a Saviour's death and meekness,
To ascend and live with thee.

If so, I strict vigil keeping
For such mercy full and free—
Will work on instead of weeping,
Till thou art restored to me.

THE WANTS OF THE CHURCH.

SPIRIT of God, the Church below wants Thee,
It also wants a feeble thing like me;
It wants all children of the Lord to be—
Light in this darkness, that the world may see.

"Let there be light" be spoken, Lord, by Thee,
And brighter may that light shine forth in me;
Thy children cause more shining lights to be,
That those who sit in darkness now, may see.

Spirit of God descend, and quickly raise
In mourning hearts a song of joy and praise;
For joyful is the soul that on Thee stays,
And springs up evergreen beneath Thy rays.

Do, Sun of Righteousness, arise, and raise
Thy flo͡rets from the tomb to utter praise;
The rescued wand'rer with Thee gladly stays,
And warms himself beneath Thy genial rays.

Lord of all pow'r and might do Thou arise,
Fit me, and all my brethren, for the skies;
When from this worn-out scaffold my soul flies,
May *it*, Thy endless mercy realize.

Oh, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost arise,
And fill with gladness all beneath the skies;
When time shall cease that now so swiftly flies—
May *all*, Thy promised blessing realise.

DRAW HIM TO THEE.

Off with his grave-clothes, Lord,
  Draw him to Thee;
Henceforth a better man
  Raise him to be.

Change his cold stony heart,
  Warm it with love ;
And, through the Spirit's aid,
  He will improve.

Out of the sepulchre
  Call him by name—
Robe him in righteousness,
  Cover his shame.

Work as a vine-dresser,
  Teach him to do ;
Make him a labourer,
  Faithful and true.

ST. RESTUM.

I SAID to my coachman, "John Priest, do you know,
The right road to St. Restum, for there I would go?"
"Oh ! yes," said he, touching his broad turn'd up hat,
"'Tis the town of the Fathers—I ought to know that."

"The road is so narrow, I've heard people say,
That very few *ever* can find out the right way ;
So many *by-roads* make me feel in great doubt—
I should like to be sure before *I dare* set out."

"My lady, no fear, I possess the right key
To the strait gate that opens to all such as me;
Once in, you are safe, and may pull down the blind—
The way to St. Restum I know *well* I can find."

He drove, and I slept a great part of the way,
I woke up, it seem'd dark, and I then heard him say—
"Lur'd from the right road by a meteor glare,
We are lost, I can't see, I shall die in despair!"

A violent crash came, and both of us fell (Luke vi. 39)
In a ditch full of horrors, but what I can't tell;
The smell was not incense, I felt some old bones,
And I thought I heard, further, some terrible groans.

My coachman rav'd on, till he sank in the mire;
I tried hard to get out, and thought I should expire;
An old fashion'd shepherd ran out with a light,
Hearing something had happen'd, and saw my sad plight.

The mud he remov'd from my eyes and my face;
I, with his kind assistance, soon left that sad place;
He then wash'd me clean in some water he had,
And in new garments dress'd, I no longer felt sad.

My mother had taught me some prayers in my youth,
Long forgotten, I found now each word was the truth;
I wished I had trusted to God's Word alone, (1 Tim. iv. 7; Titus i. 14)
Not profane old wives' fables, John Priest, or saint's bone.

I borrow'd his light, and I found the right road,
Though quite straight and narrow, I felt eased of a load;
I walked on rejoicing, am happy to say—
Soon arriv'd at St. Restum, and there hope to stay.

HOW TO REACH THE HOLY LAND.

I WISH to reach the Holy Land—
My comrades are a feeble band;
As we approach that golden shore,
Our enemies assail us more.

With perils garrison'd around,
It doth with hateful threats resound;
Wrestle with fears we must, till night
Succumbs to *the Eternal Light.*

When that the Sun Immortal shines,
We shall soon cross sin's dark deep lines;
Leave fear behind, and Satan's bands,
And vict'ry shout in sunny lands.

Our march must be sustain'd by prayer—
Our Captain doth our conflicts share;
He is our food, on Him we feed,
He will supply all things we need.

He is the *fount* whereof we drink,
We cannot ultimately sink ;
Diseased we may be, but *His* skill,
Prescrib'd for, and will cure each ill.

So renovated—re-install'd,
We shall to dignity be call'd ;
Share with *Him* endless joy and peace,
Which ever must, and shall increase.

Waiting a signal, from yon shore,
Let us on watch keep evermore ;
Then with a mighty cheer, dash on,
And shout, Hosanna—Heaven's won !

ACTS xxviii. 26, 27.

SEEING, they see not—don't perceive ;
Blinded by sin, their God they grieve ;
Their ears are dull—Christ's words of love
Displease—they from His presence move.

They know not how diseased they are,
Their eyes discern not sin's deep scar ;
They understand not what they hear—
Tickled with falsehood in each ear.

"Dead while they live," their subtle foe,
Hurries them on till ceaseless woe,
Whirls them within the dark abyss—
The opposite of endless bliss.

What do you love most? reader, say—
Is it pure sunlight, bright noon-day?
Or eventide and midnight gloom,
To hide deeds darker than the tomb?

If you have such a thought as this—
"I after all shall rise in bliss;
God is so merciful, that He
Will somehow save, and not curse me!"

Be not deluded—*he*, that Eve,
Through art and falsehood, didst deceive,
Is standing sentinel near thee,
Lest thou arous'd from dreams shouldst be.

Foul pleasures, as decoctions, keep
Thy senses lull'd in fatal sleep:
The poison'd bowl, so sweet at first,
Will leave the reveller *accurs'd*.

LORD, SEEK THE WANDERERS.

Lord seek Thy wanderers,
And draw them home;
Change through Thy mighty grace,
Though far they roam.

Safe by Thy loving side,
Twine them to Thee;
Guided through storm and calm,
Sav'd they will be.

Rouse them from sloth and sleep,
Then they will pray,
And work with loving hearts
All life's short day.

When night in death sets in,
Help them to fly
Upwards to realms of light—
No more to die.

Set in Thy crown to shine—
Those jewels rare,
Will, with all other gems,
Thy glory share.

Sparkling as rays divine,
From Thee, *the Sun*—
They, everlastingly,
Upward will run.

None can their destiny
Fully declare;
This we know—they shall live
Free from all care.

Their most ecstatic joy,
Ever shall last—
Grief, pain, and terror be,
Things of the past.

Sure is their heritage—
Almighty love;
Will supply every want,
In realms above.

Wanderers hasten home,
Robe for a Throne,
Richly deck'd out for thee
By God's own Son.

Nothing is wanted there,
Loved as a Bride,
The Lord's redeem'd live on—
Quite satisfied.

ON THE DEATH OF MY ROSA IN AUTUMN.

My Rosa died like ripen'd grain—
On earth we shall not meet again;
Her Maker made *her* fair to see—
Re-made in Christ, I hope to be.
And then—I know not what besides,
But loveliness with Him abides;
And then—perhaps, she too, like me,
May reappear, by *His decree.*

MY COUNTRY.

England, thou favour'd land, who shall arouse
And wake thy sons from deadly lethargy?
Why should Jehovah's blessing, pour'd on thee
For full three-hundred years or more, be turn'd
To curse more deadly than Capernaum's?
Why should the dear Redeemer weep for thee?—
As o'er Jerusalem he wept—while on
Her walls He gaz'd, and cried, "Weep not for me,
But for yourselves and children. Ah! the days
Shall come when happy shall be he who hath
No child to hurl against thy battlements!"

Thy battlements, lov'd native land, may fall,
And thou sink like a millstone in the main.
Apostate states must expect Egypt's plagues—
If thou repent not, and change speedily,
The blight that fell *on it*, may fall *on thee.*
Distress amongst the nations shall be heard,
And then shall men's hearts, failing them for fear,
Seek for death, which shall not soon be granted.
No, not until He whom thou hast despis'd,
And tried to lower from His high estate
(By letting man step in between your souls
And that salvation freely offer'd you),
Shall sit High Priest and King upon His Throne ;
And, *there*, surrounded by a countless host,
Pronounce thine everlasting doom—*accurs'd !*

NAKED TRUTH.

FORMERLY, as naked Truth was represented—
Clothing her, proclaim'd those doing so demented ;
A garment would but hide her perfect symmetry,
And cause suspicion, she was not quite fit to see.

Deformity and age hide under costly dress—
While perfect beauty would for it contempt express ;
And highly decorated things of any kind,
Raise doubts, that something ugly lies concealed
behind.

So truthful, loving souls, brimful of love divine,
Most artificial things reject to make them shine—
Glory to think, from God no thing is ever hid,
And would extravagant and undue praise forbid.

DOLLY.

You should see my little dolly,
Full of mischief, fun and folly;
Playing with a luckless mouse,
Running up and down the house.

And, indeed, I love her dearly,
Though she often treats me queerly—
Scratching, when I want to pat her,
Fleeing, when I would get at her.

Sometimes feigning not to hear me
If I scold, she does not fear me;
Naughty cat! I oft caress it,
She is spoil'd—and I confess it.

THE SLAVE OF SCIENCE.

He was a stately man with silver'd hair—
Stern was his features, and his form upright;
Renown'd for learning—simple was his gear;
His will, like iron; unimpair'd his sight.

Yet that strong man to science was a slave—
Unbridled curiosity his lord; (1 Cor. i. 19, 20.)
And rule that *tyrant* did, until enchain'd,
Death put him in his sinking ship on board.

There he learn'd what he never did on earth—
True knowledge came, alas! to him, too late;
His eyes were open'd, and what did he see?—
That unbelievers meet a fearful fate.

What some men now call wisdom—*folly proves;*
It turns the wisest backwards in despair;
And those who wish to ascertain the *Truth*,
To revelation must at once repair.

There can the truest knowledge now be had—
It promises that man shall one day know,
Even as he is known, and wiser be
Than any who have sojourn'd here below.

With patience let us wait, and at His call,
Who made the heav'n and earth and all we see,
Doing His will, we soon shall comprehend
All that now seems so veil'd in mystery.

RESTITUTION.

(*Acts* iii. 21.)

THINK of the *restitution* of all things—
Oh! how invigorating is the thought;
It, to my drooping spirit, comfort brings—
Endless the blessings Christ for us hath bought.

Then, what is out of order will be chang'd,
And death be swallow'd up in victory—
In perfect harmony all re-arrang'd,
Eternal life—one endless ecstasy!

The wily spirit who beguiled our race,
Will then repine in the profound abyss;
Never again to mar man's happy face,
Or tempt him from a Paradise of bliss.

Once seen, the new created heav'n and earth,
Our buoyant spirits will exult in praise,
And in the overflowing of our mirth,
The sweetest hymns of adoration raise.

Set up Thy Kingdom, Lord, replace, restore—
Hide not Thy glory long behind the clouds;
Descend, and aid us quickly, we implore,
For sin, Thy bright effulgence, from us shrouds.

Gladly, oh gladly will we welcome Thee,
For all flesh fades as rapidly as grass;
Haste, for our heart's desire is soon to see
Thy words, by Prophets spoken, come to pass.

Then we, in beauty ever unimpair'd,
Shall dwell with Thee in happiness above;
Rejoicing in the mansions all prepar'd
By perfect wisdom and abiding love.

IGNORANT EVER MAY I BE, IN WISDOM LEARNED THROUGH CRUELTY.

Ignorant, ever may I be,
In wisdom learn'd through cruelty;
Those loving it, might try on me,
And then laugh at my misery.

Depend upon it, those who care
But little for a dog, or hare,
Would cut up man, too, if they dare—
Ill with our race then would it fare.

If scientific men care nought
For all the anguish they have wrought;
Soon may our poorer friends be brought,
As *victims*, to their school of thought.

Soon, sacrifices, we might fall,
None safe with them would be at all ;
On them I do not wish to call—
Their cruelties my heart appal.

I worship God, whose name is *Love*—
Reign, I believe, He does above ;
And those who love, He does approve—
May He unloving ones remove.

Or, curs'd this earth, we all shall see
Comfort and peace will quickly flee—
Terrific our condition be,
And perish'd all humanity.

2 THESSALONIANS ii. 4—17.

Is there now one who is exalted, or
Pretends to be, above Thee, oh Thou God?
Oh, God—Creator, Saviour, King, with whose
Loud praise the Heavéns ring—alone Thou reign'st ;
Reign Thou shalt, and fill all space for ever.
To Thee all creatures and archangels bow—
Dare man aspire to Thy Divinity?
By powers of darkness blinded, can there
Be found a man to claim a reverence

Due alone unto the Great "I Am"—that
Name, above all names—the cause of causes?
It was foretold to those in Thessaly,
Some one should rise and be reveal'd in time,
Who should exalt himself above all that
Is call'd God, or that is worshipp'd; and, as
God, he should sit in the Temple *of God*,
Showing himself that he is very God. (2 Thess. ii. 4)
What read we is his doom?—Thus saith the Lord,
"I will destroy him—utterly destroy;"
If it is written, "heav'n and earth shall pass
Away, but *My Word shall not.*" Take heed then,
Dupe of those who claim an evanescent
Power—take heed that thou fall not beneath
The shower of His wrath, who shall descend,
And pour on all blasphemers coals of fire. (2 Thess. ii. 8)
The brightness of His coming shall consume,
And send away to outer darkness all
Who join'd in such rebellion in dismay.
Oh! may our eyes, Most Mighty, open'd be;
And underneath Thy wings for ever keep,
The children of Thy love from such a foe.

MAN A DEPUTY.

MAN is a deputy—you ask for whom?
The Maker's claim is that the made should serve;
The Lord has made us His commissioners,
And from our duty we should never swerve.

And what is our commission here below?—
To *use* all talents trusted to our care,
And *not abuse* His gifts, or tantalize
The smallest creature breathing in His air.

Alas! what see we now in fallen man?
Is he a Godlike creature, full of love?
Ever intent on benefiting those,
Who through One mighty power, live and move?

Or, tyrant does he not too often prove— (James ii. 13)
Using his masters goods for selfish ends?
Forgetting, soon the lawful heir will come,
Demanding interest for what He lends.

Alas! alas! Who has not need to pray,
"Master forgive me—faithless I have been;
Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, I implore,
Pardon for all the misdeeds Thou hast seen.

When from this earth, Thou tak'st my soul away—
Fill'd with Thy Holy Spirit, may I prove
Fitted a better deputy to be
For One whose noblest attribute *is love.*"

"HOW MUCH OWEST THOU?"

COUNT how much owest thou unto my Lord?
Who can tell? First boon bestow'd—Creation;
Chaos—matter confus'd—a shapeless heap
Disorganiz'd—a mass concreted; was
Such my state before my Maker open'd
Wide the gulf from which I sprang? If so, what
Thence came forth?—A body casing o'er a
Soul endow'd with pow'rs illimitable;
Magnetiz'd to earth for time; but destin'd
To return to dust, from which it rose—thence,
Rais'd in incorruption, to rejoin the
Soul and evermore remain immortal—
Like the Mighty God who first design'd it.
How much then, owest thou unto my Lord?
Can mortal man conceive? can eyes discern
(That now see through a glass, all darken'd with
The mists of time) the full amount of debt?
Can clayey fingers count the numerals?
Where are the eyes that long enough would last
To look the trillions o'er of wealth stored up,
And promised to the sons of God?—Such my
Rank, high destiny and right, *if one* with
Him who died and rose again that I might

(*Rom.* viii. 17.)

Share His vast possessions—Bloom unfading—
Dower of His Bride! Eternal length of
Days my lot! Eternity to rove in!

What more to say, but this?—My intellect
Would fail, my eyes be dim, and time would cease,
Ere counted up the vast amount of debt
Ow'd to Him (the Great "I Am") who made me.

PAUL AT ATHENS.

(*Acts* xvii. 22.)

On Mars' Hill, famed of yore in Greece,
Where Jupiter's fierce son had been,
As God of *War*, long worshipp'd,
Paul—messenger of peace—was seen.

He cried to those who round him stood,
"Oh! men of Athens, I perceive,
You far too superstitious are— (ver. 22)
By it, the 'Unknown God' you grieve.

Unknown, no longer let Him be;
I will declare Him unto you, (ver. 24)
He made this earth and all therein,
And heav'n above, so fair to view.

Seeing all things were made by Him,
To unknown gods no altars build;
He dwells not now in temples, which (ver. 24)
Hands such as yours can fitly gild.

Neither is worshipp'd with men's hands,
As though he needed anything; (ver. 25)
Seeing He giveth life and breath,
How vain such offerings to bring.

If we his much lov'd offspring are,
Surely the God-head cannot be (ver. 29)
Like unto silver, gold, or stone—
Graven by art devis'd by thee."

If Paul preach'd thus to heathen men,
What would he do in this our day?
To see the Altars now deck'd out—
Wonder, do you, what he would say?

I wonder not; I feel quite sure,
He would exclaim aloud to all:
"Men, it it is to an 'Unknown God,'
You deck them out and prostrate fall.

God is not worshipp'd with your hands,
Your grand device is all in vain;
Flowers and fruit, and costly things,
Stand in the place of Him once slain.

The Lamb forshadow'd ages past;
The Lamb who came on earth to die;
The Lamb of God—the Crucified;
The Lamb once slain—now Lord on high.

In Righteousness—in Righteousness,
That Lamb shall come again and reign;
His princes aid in judgment there—
No man His triumph shall restrain.

No *superstition* will be left,
The Lord of Hosts will rule alone;
A hiding-place from ev'ry foe,
Is Jesus on His great white throne.

Cast down your altars, ransom'd men—
He cares not much for show or art—
He reigns the humble soul within—
His temple is a Contrite Heart."

God is a Spirit—worship Him; (ver. 27)
He is not far from you or me;
And if you ask, He will draw nigh,
And *sweet Communion hold with thee.*

MY BLACKBIRD.

SWEET is the music we hear in the spring;
Larks, in the mid air, how gaily they sing;
And my old blackbird, for years past has raised,
Exquisite melody oftentimes prais'd.

Now a fine thrush, in my garden at eve,
Whistles in varied strains, few would believe;
Warbling, he flaps his soft wings with delight,
Pretty, exclaims, and is gone from my sight:

Sitting not far off upon an old tree,
Side by side with his wife often I see ;
Strange are his antics and dulcet his lays,
Full of admiring devotion he stays :

She seems to think his attentions are due —
Has she not been a wife faithful and true ?
Sharing his troubles in building their nest—
Warming the eggs with her feathery breast :

Watching the little ones, seeking their food,
Teaching them both to be careful and good ;
Raising them up when through weakness they fall,
And with a mother's love heeding each call.

Surely, an excellent wife should be priz'd,
And entertainment for her be devis'd ;
Too poor to pay for another to sing,
With her praise, he makes the garden ring.

Brave little fellow may we copy thee—
Filling our households with comfort and glee ;
Delighted, delighting, roving along,
Raising our voices in praises and song :

Feeding and cheering those left to our care,
Ever concern'd in their lasting welfare ;
Fully prepar'd for a permanent flight—
Shining as stars in death's dark dismal night.

SUCH IS LIFE!

All blue and bright the summer sky,
And no one thinks of danger nigh;
The merry crowd rush gaily on;
Then, basking 'neath the shining sun,
Enjoy the costly, deck'd-out earth,
And spend their time in songs and mirth.

When, suddenly, a grumbling sound
Makes them rise quickly from the ground;
The clouds are gath'ring overhead—
With spectral forms the sky is spread;
Black, frantic masses seem to fly,
And threaten wrath as they pass by;
Darkness increases—torrents fall—
Huge hailstones ev'ry heart appal;
A meteor glare—a flash of light—
Then black again, the heav'ns, as night;
The bright blue sky, sun, mirth, all fled—
Earth, now, their dark, cold, dismal bed.

In youth, most things look bright and fair;
In manhood, threat'ning clouds appear;
Then thunder-storms disturb the scene;
The lightning shows what *man has been.*

EVE.

Eve, mother of us all, most fair ;
Jehovah's child, and special care ;
First daughter of the Highest One,
In Eden's ground thy life begun ;
Walking, all pure, in Paradise ;
Seeing thy Father face to face,
Conversing with Him without fear,
And doubly glad when He was near ;
Who can portray thy comeliness,
Array'd in perfect holiness ?

To-day, how sad ! What aileth thee ?
Why, in such terror, dost thou flee ?
Why that accelerated pace ?
Why fear to meet thy Maker's face ?
Like thunder, on her ears, they fell,
Those words, " Where art thou ? Quickly tell !
Why hast thou hid ? Where art thou gone ?
What is this thing that thou hast done ? "
" Lord, I have sinn'd —oh ! pity me ;
Naked, I am not fit to see ;
For, by the serpent's voice beguil'd,
I ate the fruit, and am defil'd.
He told, and I believ'd, a lie ;
I *know too much*—and I must die."
Her face, no more serene and fair,
Was full of terror and despair.

Crush'd Eve—no longer Eden's pride—
A faithless wife, a blighted bride!
And must thy beauty now decay—
Through thy rebellion, fade away;
Thy children turn again to clay,
And in the tomb for ever stay?

Jehovah's mind no man can tell;
But this we do know, very well—
That grief to see her in despair,
Caus'd the Redeemer to declare
That He would come and save her race,
And die, an off'ring, in their place.
He, Paradise for us regain'd;
Our darken'd souls from sin restrain'd;
And, in that last and gloomy day,
When heav'n and earth shall pass away,
Far better still—our foe will slay,
And light us on our heav'nly way;
Then keep our new-born Eden free
From all that could cause misery.

No cause to fear a cunning lie;
No longing after joys gone by;
No tear, in grief, shall then be shed;
No moaning on a dying bed;
Sin, grief, and death all passed away;
His presence one eternal day.

Oh! earth, earth, earth, I must avow
I hear the truth—so garbled now,

That I protest I nearly fall
A prey to him who tempts us all.
The sad effects of Eve's dark deed
Are felt in ev'ry hour of need.
If I had never known a care,
Nor sin polluted all things here,
My face would shine with heav'nly sheen,
And I be lov'd like Eden's queen.

I fear, O Lord, the time draws nigh (2 Thes. ii. 9, 16)
When those who love and make a lie
Will band together, and astound
The whole deluded world around ;
Give faith to watch, give eyes to see—
Defend us from this mystery. (Rev. xvii. 5)

All sects and parties now appear
To think some great commotion near ;
The Christian hopes, ere long, to see
His Saviour (slain on Calvary)
Return to make an end of sin—
Then a new era must begin.

The Jew, too, shortly hopes to see
Messiah come and set him free ;
Jerusalem, again, to be
The dwelling-place of Deity.

Is there a sceptic in our land
Who does not fear some crafty hand
Is driving at a rapid rate
Our blinded race to ruin's gate ?

Rouse, Judah's Lion—David's Son—
Thine own imperial vesture don;
Sit on Thy throne; let all flesh see
No man can reign supreme but Thee.

There yet remains a faithful few
On British soil, both staunch and true;
O Lord, augment them more and more—
On England, still Thy blessing pour;
Grant that from *her* Thy truth may flow,
And no ebb-tide Thy gospel know.

My soul, oft sad while toiling on, (Psalm lxxxix. 27)
Repeats, "Come quickly, (Rev. xxii. 20) First-born
Son"; (Rev. xxii. 17)
Let all say "Come" who read and hear—
Join in St. John's most fervent prayer;
That vital prayer the spirit breathes;
The Bride sighs for her bridal wreaths—
She longs to sit upon the throne
With her loved Lord, the Holy One;
The second Adam, to His breast,
She knows will fold her tightly press'd.

Far from the tempter's cunning lie,
Alive in Him who cannot die,
Eternal love, by her possess'd,
Will keep her soul for ever bless'd;
And then, in Paradise regain'd,
She will from evil be restrain'd;
Secured from him who misled Eve,
No more her spirit there shall grieve;
But beautified, in endless day,
Near her Creator fearless stay.

THE UNLAMENTED MAN.

"Oh! who goes there?"—now neighbour quickly tell—
"A cruel man? Ah! then I know full well,
When he is dead and lies upon his bier,
No kindly heart will o'er him shed a tear;
But all the animals around will hear,
With joy unspeakable, his funeral bell—
Knell, Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong."

Horses.

A cruel, bad master has pass'd away—
Unlov'd and unmourn'd he has turn'd to clay;
Let us haste and run to the sweet green mead,
Now we need not fear, but can safely feed.

Chorus.

For our foe lies dead
In his lowly bed;
Our foe is gone,
Toll on, toll on!

Horses

No longer a mass of bones shall we be,
That scarce from the stable can drag the knee;
But soon shall be able to jump and prance,
Bound, amble, and scamper, and well nigh dance.

CHORUS.

For our foe lies dead
In his lowly bed;
Our foe is gone,
Toll on, toll on!

HORSES.

The man who ill-treated us day and night,
For ever has pass'd from our troubl'd sight;
No wonder we thrive and are full of glee,
And now are as happy as we can be.

CHORUS.

For our foe lies dead
In his lowly bed;
Our foe is gone,
Toll on, toll on!

HORSES.

So kind-hearted people while we rejoice, (Prov. xxxi. 8)
Do, pray, in our favour lift up your voice,
That when you are dead, and gone to your rest—
By man and by beast may your name be blest.

CHORUS.

All will shed a tear,
As the bell they hear;
None say, toll on,
Our foe is gone.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The Church of England—grand old ship,
Toss'd is on a troubled sea;
Her sails are rent, her decks are foul'd,
Mutiny on board must be.

The winds of discord howl around,
Wild disputers throw up foam;
From high to low she's beat about,
Frighten'd, some who love her roam.

Hear the rockets from her pealing,
Rousing ev'ry manly breast—
Quickly to launch forth the life-boat,
For the aid of those distress'd.

May her lovers and spectators
Join in this short prayer with me—
"Saviour, calm the troubled waters
Evermore her Pilot be."

Angry disputations ceasing,
Floating, spite of wind or wave;
Nobly may she enter harbour,
And the crew on board her save.

JEREMIAH.

THE Book that Jeremiah wrote,
Was full without, within—
Of lamentation, mourning, woe,
Pronounc'd by God on sin.

On Babylon, on Judah's race,
What vengeance was to fall;
Read, mark, and learn a lesson there—
A warning to us all.

St. John, a city could foresee,
Would rise like that of yore—
With multitudes within its walls,
Enrich'd with ev'ry store.

She for a time would worship God,
And own His pow'r to save—
Rule by His precepts, fear His laws,
And His protection crave—

Send messengers across the sea
To spread His Holy Word,
That truth which sets the captive free—
Sweet sound wherever heard.

Sad to relate, she too will fall,
By error led astray;
False systems and idolatry,
The cause of her decay.

Is there no city now we know,
  Above all others rais'd;
Enrich'd by ev'ry trade and art,
  At which we stand amaz'd?

Do strangers from remotest parts,
  Awe-struck, her limits scan—
Return, and call her wonderful,
  And praise the skill of man.

Is there no *man* on earth who dares
  Jehovah's pow'r to aim;
And in His temple sit as God,
  And homage from her claim?

I know a city very rich,
  With multitudes within—
From ev'ry nation, kindred, tongue,
  Alas! too, full of sin.

Where God is honour'd less and less,
  And superstition more;
Reason the only shrine, where some
  Will worship and adore.

If she repents not, she will fall
  Like Babylon of yore;
Sink like a millstone in the sea,
  In spite of gold and store.

VIVISECTION.

DARWIN believes man but a beast,
Sprung from a lowly root;
Superior to frogs and apes,
A highly cultured shoot:

Forerunner of a higher race,
But not what Scripture states;
Possess'd with an immortal soul,
On minds, like his, it grates.

A sort of eminence there is,
To feel above a fly—
To think a reptile or a fish,
Beneath our dignity.

To claim a precedence for man,
A lordship, and a right
To tyranny (if such our wish),
And bless, at will, or blight.

I do dispute his right to reign—
A Maker he must need;
Made by itself, nothing could be,
Whether a beast or weed.

Given a tongue to utter thought,
And statutes for his guide ;
Vicegerent man was form'd to be,
And for it qualified.

Those who misuse God's creatures prove,
A sadly fallen state ;
How general is *selfishness*—
It genders all we hate.

One form does vivisection take—
How loathsome, in my sight,
To save the *nobler animal*,
The *feeble one* to blight.

Can such a wretch entitled be,
To reign as God below ?
Does it not prove his abject state—
Selfishness, plainly show ?

Scorn'd be such fiendish theories—
For such they seem to me ;
The noblest of all animals,
Man surely ought to be.

Below a cat—below a dog
(So faithful and so true)—
Must that unfeeling creature rank,
Who can his hands imbrue

In blood—for what? to save a pain,
A nobler thing should bear;
With tongue to cry to him who made,
"Spare me, my Maker, spare."

The poor dumb brute in torture writhes,
Lifts up its eyes in vain;
Its feeble moan sinks low, till death
Ends man's inflicted pain.

If what the Scripture states is true,
God will demand account
Of all the talents lent to us—
Large, I fear, their amount.

A Judgment day will settle all,
If men are beasts—no fear,
Living as such, and dying such,
No trumpet will they hear.

If otherwise—*now mark my words*,
Repent they will, *too late*—
Their measure meted back, receive—
I envy not their fate.

Obmutescent will such become,
When question'd why they stray'd?
Speechless all those once swift to curse,
Astonish'd, pale, afraid.

Usurpers on that day of days,
  Will sink to rise no more;
The Cause of causes reign alone,
  That God I now adore.

Query.

Will there be animals in Hell
  To ease us of our pain?
Or shall we reap what we have sown,
  And mercy ask in vain?

WHAT CAN WE DO?

Iniquity astoundeth—
  Strong the Satanic crew;
Iniquity aboundeth—
  Oh Lord, what can we do?

As earth with wails resoundeth,
  Kindness to all display;
Peace flows when it reboundeth,
  It wipes sad tears away.

While you sit long debating
  What best is to be done,
Your foes go on inflating
  Themselves with foulest fun.

They glory in relating
How they have serv'd you out,
And ever keep misstating
The work you are about.

"Fear not," but keep on praying
For foe as well as friend;
"*I hear*, though oft delaying
The aid *I mean* to send.

Try to reclaim the straying,
Eyes to the blinded prove;
Deceiv'd you are, keep saying:
My warning shows My love.

Go on, I say, confiding
In Me, thy Lord and King;
And ever keep abiding
Beneath My shelt'ring wing.

Soon you shall see subsiding
This flood of wrath and strife;
For o'er it, I am guiding
My crew to purer life."

MAN A VICEGERENT.

THE sad destructive pow'r of man,
Do Thou, oh God, restrain ;
How wanton are his acts of sin,
Cause Thou hast to complain. (Psa. viii 5—8)

Vicegerent he was made by Thee,
When good, and pure, and kind ;
Acting according to Thy will,
And one in heart and mind.

Alas ! the fall has chang'd that heart,
How baneful is his reign ;
How mournful is the sad, sad truth,
Man is depraved, yet vain.

Not only vain, but cruel, too,
A tyrant, oft a curse ;
The victims of his selfishness
Too many to rehearse.

Return and reign, oh Lord of love,
The wicked banish hence ;
Sit on Thy throne in righteousness,
Be feeble ones' defence.

Return, return, come quickly, come !
This old world do away ;
Make all things new (and pleasant, too),
To flourish 'neath Thy sway.

WOULD THAT I LOVED THEE MORE!

Oh Father, dearest Father, would that I lov'd Thee more,
Dear Saviour, my Redeemer, the God whom I adore;
Oh! cold my heart at warmest, why is it? I deplore
My cold, unloving spirit—sin freezing at its core.

Do warm me, comfort, cherish the spark lit up within—
Do renovate my spirit, so sickly, weak and thin;
On my dry bones, breathe quickly, and cover them with skin,
Vitality keep growing though death seems seal'd therein.

Oh! how I long for spring time, to hear Thy sweet voice say:
"Arise, My best belovèd, arise and come away;
Arise, and bask in sunshine, enjoy the endless day
That shines through My effulgence, I light all lights for aye.

Where I reign there, is pleasure, My wealth and endless store,
I mete out without measure, increasing more and more;
Think! more than man can think of, I will on Mine, outpour,
Whoever will, may enter My home with open door."

Oh! Father, dearest Father, as I began, I end,
I want to love and worship my more than kind, good Friend;
I want, in adoration, for ever to attend
To friendly admonitions that will my life amend.

HAPPY THE SPIRIT FIT TO GO!

WAITING a passage to the better land,
On sin's dark troubled sea-shore here we stand
Embarking means a parting and a change,
And disembarking frees the soul to range.

Happy the spirit living fit to go
From earth to heav'n, from scenes of grief and woe
To realms of bliss, to regions where no cloud
Can ever sunlight darken, hide, or shroud.

Happy the spirit wash'd in Jesu's blood,
Freed from sin's weary, heavy, crushing load
Landed in freedom, from the tempter's reign
Where it will pristine happiness regain.

Oh! for the faith to see beyond the grave
The great Redeemer—"He who died to save';
Oh! for the wings to fly across death's stream
To Him who came our spirits to redeem.

Oh! for the unclos'd, open eyes to see
Him who o'er death gain'd signal victory;
Oh! for the unstopp'd ears to hear aright
Our Captain's daring doings in His might

He fought, till vanquish'd the Satanic host,
He fought, till Satan and his crew have lost
The hold they once had on this blighted earth—
Remade, it shall be full of joy and mirth.

Then the redeem'd, with Christ, will laugh and sing—
Angels their new string'd harps will gladly bring,
To join in chorus the ecstatic praise,
Which pure and loving hearts alone can raise.

ROMANS xiv. 12.

APART (when this frail scaffold has departed),
Men must, released from clay, before God's presence stand—
And give account for ev'ry post deserted,
And all misrule upon this sin-struck, blighted land.

Created rather lower than the angels, (Psa. viii. 5—8)
Yet, His vicegerent, man was destin'd here to be ;
All cattle, fowl, and fish, he was to foster,
Because the Maker lov'd all filling earth and sea.

As man must for this stewardship account then,
What will become of lazy, selfish ones at last ?
What will become of cruel folks and tyrants ?—
The Judgment day will surely see them stand aghast.

They mock'd on earth all those who, loving mercy,
Tried hard to stem the torrent crime had swoll'n high ;
They slander'd, even vow'd to shoot and injure,*
The kindly ones who tried to sooth or save a sigh.

And shall not God soon rise in wrath and fury—
Dethrone abusers of His talents, lent in love ;
Sit on His throne, and say, "depart, ye curséd,
Sink—while My good and faithful servants rise above :

There, will I trust them more and more with treasures ;
There, shall they reign in everlasting joy with Me ;
There shall they drink of never failing waters,
While dry and parch'd in misery your lot shall be."

He who had little given, but was faithful,
Will try, the cities trusted to him, to improve ;
He who had much, his energies will lavish
In imitating God, whose attribute is love.

Soon love shall be the ruling pow'r for ever,
It will abolish selfishness, untruth, and crime ;
What true love links together, none can sever—
It will go on when sin has pass'd away with time.

* The writer was threatened with this.

LASTING RICHES.

THERE is an endless store hoarded above,
Who is to have it? say, souls full of love—
Will it for ever last? not pass away—
Not evanescent prove—like summer day?

Evermore—evermore, streams roll along,
Brimful of pleasure-drops sweetn'd with song,
Cooling that sun-heated palace, whose light
Never sees eventide, shadow, or night.

There, untold treasures will burst on our gaze,
Startling munificence strike with amaze;
Ore, form'd in ages past, turn up for use,
Gold, with gem's colouring, be most profuse.

Such is the promise made by the most High,
Such is the joy that will come by and by,
If we believe in Christ, cling to his cross—
Counting all here below, no more than dross.

All from this scene of strife must pass and die—
Soon the most flourishing will lifeless lie;
Yet, the redeem'd of God, through His lov'd Son,
Feel, though the body dies, Heaven is won.

Let all doubts vanish then, work with a will—
All these sweet promises, God will fulfil;
Boundless the realms above, endless the store,
God will pour out on us there evermore.

OLD WORLD REELING.

Old world reeling to and fro,
Staggering 'neath sin and woe—
Soon to pieces you must go,
Those who tell the truth say so.

Then a new world will appear,
Ev'ry loving heart to cheer ;
Where no eye will shed a tear,
None, there, sounds of grief shall hear.

How delightful is the thought—
Christ, for us, that kingdom bought ;
Us, like wand'ring sheep, he sought—
We, in nets of love, He caught.

Good fish land in realms of joy
Where no foe can e'er annoy ;
All rejoice in His employ,
There no bitters can alloy.

Peaceful is His home above,
Full of satisfying love ;
None from it will e'er remove—
Lasting all its pleasures prove.

Shall we get there—you and I?
Never more to heave a sigh;
Shall we land there when we die,
Or in hopeless anguish lie?

Do, my readers, try with me,
Fit for transit soon to be;
Fit our Maker's face to see
Without shame or agony.

CAN BETTER CORNER STONE BE LAID?

Can any better thing be said?
Can better corner stone be laid?
Can better victory be won?
Than that achiev'd by God's own Son?

I trow, the answer must be no;
Why then do men keep sinning so?
A maniac that man must be,
Who God defies—it seems to me.

What can he do, when God is wrath?
Did He not give man all he hath?
Can He not take it all away,
And turn to night his brightest day?

Who gave man breath? who made him grow?
Who warm'd his blood and made it flow?
Who gave him strength, wealth to increase?
Who can his soul from clay release?

Reader, you know as well as I,
Though living now, we both must die;
If unbelieving, yet a room
Somewhere will be to us a tomb.

On mountain top, or 'neath the sea,
Somewhere our dust will gather'd be;
And He who moulded it at first,
Did not intend it to be curs'd.

'Tis your own fault, if after all
You into Satan's clutches fall;
Christ has redeem'd you with His blood,
For you prepar'd sustaining food.

Say, will you feed on Him and live—
Take what He freely loves to give—
Obey the dictates of His will,
And try His precepts to fulfil?

If *so*, you will agree with me,
No better Master there can be;
The slaves of Satan pity too,
And try to save them as I do.

JAMES ii. 13.

MARK! "Judgment without mercy, shall he have
That hath no mercy shown;"
Such are the words of Him who cannot lie—
To all men be this known.

(*Romans* xii. 19.)

"Vengeance is Mine, I will repay," saith God;
Oh God, repay not me,
But turn me from my sins, ere fleeting time
Has ceased eternally.

As vengeance, mighty Lord of Hosts, is Thine—
Woe to the cruel men
Who think, as dumb are their ill treated beasts,
None do their actions ken.

(*Matt.* x. 29.)

Are not five sparrows for two farthings sold,
Yet they were lov'd by Thee;
They could not have been kill'd or stricken down,
Except by Thy decree.

(*Psalm* l. 10.)

The beasts in all the forests, too, are Thine—
Through Thee they live and die;
The reason of their life and exit hence
Is all a mystery.

Vengeance is Thine—Thou wilt repay, Thou saidst ;
Where will the heartless be
When, in Thy strength, Thou risest up in wrath,
Repaying cruelty?

Tormentors of God's pets, be warn'd and stop—
Show mercy ere too late,
Or you will feel what torment is yourselves,
And well deserve your fate.

(*Matt.* vii. 2.)

The measure meted you shall have return'd
At the last Judgment day ;
The seed you sow'd on earth, you there shall reap ;
A just God will repay.

If God, who lies not, vengeance soon will take,
Where shall we see His foes?
If Scripture tells the truth, and no mistake,
Untold will be their woes.

No punishment in the abode where souls,
Waiting the judgment lie,
Can for the past a full atonement make—
The second death they die. (Rev. xx. 14)

(*Rev.* xxii. 11.)

You ask me, what is that?—I answer not,
But God's Word shall reply—
"The unjust and the filthy there remain,
In hopeless agony."

OH! FOR MORE FAITH.

Gloomy these hours of night—
Clouds hide the moon,
Yet her reflected light
Will burst forth soon.

Dark—very dark it is,
Dim are my eyes;
Far from the land of bliss,
Deep are my sighs.

Sun of my soul arise,
Orb most sublime;
Thy light will cause surprise,
When ended time.

By faith Thy rays I see,
Thanks for each ray;
Oh! how they comfort me
On my dark way.

Unseen, the better land,
Dark—all is dark;
Beckoning—shining stand,
Watching my bark.

Come forth, and pilot me
  Where I can rest ;
I know where that will be—
  Clasp'd to Thy breast.

Once safe within Thine arms—
  No more dark night
Can ever cause alarms—
  All there is light.

Oh ! for more faith to see,
  (Spite of the gloom
Hanging o'er death's cold sea—
  Chilling the tomb)—

Yon bright and sunny land,
  Throng'd with the blest,
Who, through Thy precious blood,
  Satisfied rest.

SIN APPALLING.

THROW up a rock, Almighty God,
  And stay Niagara's dread fall ;
For sin is the Niagara
  That doth my open'd eyes appal.

From smoother waters drawn away,
The sleepy soul hopes all is right;
Aroused, he shrieks, upon the brink,
And paralyses with affright.

What can we do but call on Thee,
To place a mountain in the stream,
And *save where man is powerless*,
And throw across the gulf, a beam.

He who was slain on Calvary
Sits ever ready, strong through love;
And can (I know it) dive below
And raise the sinking soul above.

Oh! Jesus, brother, kind, good Lord,
Watch as my careless brethren glide
Into the danger—rescue them,
And from destruction be their guide.

Land them in regions where no floods
Of error or pollution flow,
Take them to gardens where no seeds
Of poison'd fruits or flowers grow.

House them in mansions, so replete
With all the sight can wish to see,
That they can never more be lur'd
By anything away from Thee.

A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.

To stand before the pearly gates,
And hear Him say, "Come in!"
Undress, and leave my rags behind,
With ev'ry taint of sin.

In robes of righteousness to shine,
In youthful vigour bloom;
To leave all trace of earthborn care—
Fast rising from the tomb.

Then mingle in His courtly train,
All shining in His light;
To dwell in mansions deck'd with gems,
So varied, pure and bright.

Who can foresee the endless bliss
Prepar'd by love for me;
And you, my friend, if you get there,
What glories shall we see!

There is a way to reach that land—
The Lamb of God was slain
To save your soul and mine from death,
On Him our guilt was lain.

Shall we not henceforth serve Him well,
Hate sin, which caused His death—
Watch, as He bade us, "Watch and pray,"
And praise with our last breath.

Then, praise Him more and more above,
For mercy full and free;
Relate, within His palace gates,
His love for you and me.

RENOVATION.

LORD, little of myself I know,
And less of other people;
Thy grace impart, that I may grow
And shine, like gems and opal.

For gems are rarefied by time,
And we, like them, want polish;
Grace only can remove all slime,
And thicker soil abolish.

While plodding on in mud below,
We look oft foul and worthless;
On us, some gleam of light bestow,
Lest foes should think us mirthless.

We may look sad (and often are),
'Tis for our thoughtless brothers;
For sin has left a frightful scar
On us as well as others.

Remade in Christ—re-rob'd in white,
In re-created beauty;
May we and them burst forth in light,
Fulfilling ev'ry duty.

2 SAMUEL i. 26.

'Twas passing woman's love,
My love for thee, my brother, Jonathan;
Thy friendly kiss,
So prized, when our first friendliness began.

My brother Jonathan—
A purer love than thine and woman's love
There surely is—
The love of Him, our Brother from above.

And did that Brother die
That we might live in everlasting joy
And endless bliss,
And know what pleasure is without alloy?

Holy at first and pure—
Such was our state ere Eve and Adam fell;
Mournful our fate,
Had Christ not died to save our souls from hell.

Now, no more curse can fall;
If we, redeem'd by Him, work on in peace—
Happy our state,
As He from Satan's thraldom can release.

Dear Brother, Mighty Lord,
Let my love, *passing woman's* be for Thee;
In me create
A heart full of celestial purity.

My God, who cannot lie
Declares through Christ (Eve's seed), we can be sav'd;
Deep mystery—
Sav'd, though sunk low, and awfully deprav'd.

Despisers of His grace,
What will you do? how act at the last day?
Accursèd be—
Must be your destiny and sent away.

Reflect and seek His face,
Who loving (more than woman) died for you;
Be ruled by me—
Return His love, the faithful God and true.

THE WHITE ROSE.

A WHITE rose in a grand bouquet,
Threw out its fragrance one fine day;
I, musing sat, a pencil took,
And wrote my thoughts within a book;
Reader, a new world you and I
Must surely rise in by and by.

A white rose in a garnished room,
May I appear, raised from the tomb—
Spotless, sweet scented, and decay
Buried behind me far away—
In holiness and purity,
Prepared to spend eternity.

Though gorgeous others may appear,
White are the robes, I wish to wear;
If dew drops from God's throne above,
Should glitter on me through His love,
How radiant my form will be—
The sunlight gilding all on me.

A gem in heaven's regalia,
One throwing out its rays afar,
A diamond set in His crown,
Though here despised, of small renown;
Such is the envied destiny,
I seek, I ask, my Lord, of Thee.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

(11 *Gen.* ii.)

Fair Eden, watered by rich Pison's stream,
The Golden Age saw—call it not a dream;
And fallen Adam and the misled Eve
Might well regret those peaceful days and grieve.

No doubt their children often heard them sigh,
Relating to them joys, alas! gone by;
Their grandchildren in misery, would long
For homes where all was pleasure, and a song.

Then, after generations would recite,
How sin had blighted all things once so bright;
And hope would spring up in the breasts of some
That there was yet somewhere a golden home.

When turned to idols and sunk low by sin,
Yearnings there would be some lone hearts within;
And mystified ideas be afloat,
Of good days coming, though perchance remote.

Then as a dream long past, they spread the tale,
That there was once a peaceful lovely vale;
Where all was happiness, replete with bliss,
And nothing went by any chance amiss.

Faint hopes were raised that far above the skies
A region yet more fair in glory lies—
Prepared for those who evil try to shun,
And given as a prize for good deeds done.

Lured by such hopes some long have torture borne,
Creeping on hands and knees with body torn;
Thinking, by penance, sin to purge away,
Others have copied them in this our day.

The glory of King Solomon we know
Was typical, and surely meant to show
Some future state was coming free from strife—
A rich, abiding, deathless, painless life.

The loved disciple, in a vision saw,
A city four-square and without a flaw,
With gates of pearls, wide open ev'ry way,
Where no night was, but everlasting day.

No temple was therein, for God was there,
His children all His attributes would share;
The Light of lights with glory filled the place,
And His reflection brighten'd up each face.

Dear Saviour, all who love Thee are quite sure
The good things promised ever shall endure;
No dream—*a blest reality to be*
In golden mansions fitted up by Thee.

When time has ceased, and sin shall be no more,
Increasing wealth will roll up, on yon shore;
Thy presence only, makes a Golden Home,
St. John and all saints pray, do quickly "*Come.*"

Restore, Thou great Restorer of the breach,
Put Paradise again within our reach;
Thou *Branch* upon the Ancient Vine, bow down,
And with Thy purple grapes twine us a crown.

Instead of lamentations, teach the song
That Thy redeemed shall sing with glee, ere long;
Garnish with jewels rare our resting place,
Give us sight strong enough to see Thy face.

That face so radiant and bright afar,
At first when seen, but as an eastern star,
Is, when approached, a burning crucible,
Consuming all, as dross, that will rebel.

Let us not dross, but gold appear when tried—
Here be our sinful natures purified;
Here remake man in Thine own image, Lord,
And grace to live so, evermore afford.

Then unto Thee Thou, triune Holy One,
Blest Spirit, Father, loved and only Son!
Be praise and glory as most justly due,
At first, at last, most Holy, good and true.

THE RAGGED CHILD.

Wrapt in the Saviour's garment,
  Lull'd in His arms, to rest;
Ragged little care-worn child,
  Sleep—thy repose is blest.

None can disturb thy slumber,
  Watch'd o'er by love divine,
Until the trumpet's pealing
  Calls thee above to shine.

Out of the gloomy alley,
  Where buried very low,
Thou, surprising all, shall spring,
  And ever fairer grow.

No longer poor and needy,
  Richer than any here,
Shining in endless glory,
  Happy as any there.

Raised from the depths of sorrow
  Up to the heights above;
Clothed in the wedding raiment,
  Woven by boundless love.

Left that frail shred of matter,
Outgrown by spirit pure;
Stretching beyond the ether,
In pleasure to endure.

Claimed by the lover waiting,
Long watching on yon shore;
Landed in safety by Him,
Ill-used to be no more.

Who can describe the meeting?
Who envies not the Bride?
In rags, half starv'd, it once was,
But now, Jehovah's pride.

Amazing is the contrast!
A dingy dwelling here;
Changed for a golden mansion
Far above grief and care.

Fill'd with delightful inmates,
All beautiful to see;
Singing ecstatic praises,
Roving about in glee.

Here, all was want and sighing;
There, untold riches shine;
And sounds of dulcet music
Echo in that rich mine.

During life's dreary journey,
Weary and worn and sad;
Now ever moving onward,
In costly clothing clad.

Fair as the fairest yonder,
Fill'd with a spirit pure;
Thrilling with admiration
At grandeur so secure.

Unmoved by fear or terror,
Gazing on holy ground;
Astonished at the treasures,
And good things that abound.

Vain the attempt to picture,
All things prepared by love;
Better to try and enter,
With her, the rest above.

May we soon join the ransom'd,
Passed over sin's rough sea,
Now anchored in that haven,
Where I wish all to be.

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

I AM bound for the land of Beulah,
There all the guests sing Hallelujah;
Festivities are over yonder,
All in the brightest robes there wander.

Beulah means that the land is married,
Some for the bridegroom long have tarried;
No longer time here let us squander,
But on the good things promised ponder.

Some for the journey are preparing
Travelling robes they now are wearing;
Hymns to be sung there are inditing—
Thanksgivings for the Lord's inviting.

Near to us are the gates so pearly,
Open they are both late and early;
Gold are the walls of each grand dwelling,
Gems glitter there beyond my telling.

Sapphires and rubies sparkle brightly,
Nothing there will be seen unsightly—
Undecorated none appear there,
Vanquished for ever those who caused care.

'Neath our feet will the moon be shining,
No cloud there with a silver lining;
Radiant ev'ry thing surrounding,
All creatures like to us astounding.

The Lord's redeem'd are a countless throng,
Green are the pastures they pass along;
Rivers of pleasure they float over,
Deep mines of treasures they discover.

"Eye hath not seen," it soon would weary—
Wandering over lands so cheery;
"Ear hath not heard," it deaf would soon be,
If future glory half were told thee.

The mind of man sinks down astonished,
When by the Deity admonished;
"Seek ye My face" (He speaks in mercy),
"Or otherwise My laws must curse ye."

So for the lost—no land of Beulah,
They never sing a Hallelujah—
They lose the good things over yonder,
And in dismay and darkness wander.

They never to the Lamb were married,
They too long from the wedding tarried;
They in the deep abyss are weary,
Cheerless their dwelling—dreary—dreary.

Accuser and accused there jangle,
The tempter with the tempted wrangle;
Heated with wrath—yet dark their dwelling—
Cease I must now their anguish telling.

Haste would I, for the sun is setting,
No longer must I time be letting;
With oil my lamp, too, keep supplying,
And onward to the good land hieing.

"FOR HIS PLEASURE THEY ARE, AND WERE CREATED."

(*Rev.* iv. 11.)

WHAT a horrible thing is a cruel man— (Psalm v. 6)
Describe him, depict him, portray him, who can?
He mars God's creation more brutish than all—
Once like his Great Maker, now, fiend, through the fall.
God said, "be thou lord over all I have made,
A good steward rule, and thou shalt be repaid;"
Was that a permission to starve and beat down?
To make thee a horror in country and town?
To torture, to add to man's knowledge or ease,
And injure and do with them as thou dost please?
No! did He *not* mean—be thou like unto Me,
Love, use and treat well all entrusted to thee,

That at the last day He might call such on high,
And say, "ye did well with all things 'neath the sky,
And now with Me, ever in joy, ye shall see
These were, are, and shall be, a pleasure to Me."
(Prov. xxxi. 8)

TRUTH *seeks the* criticising of an enemy—
Blinded by love, falsehood would have *all men to be.*

LUKE x. 35.

"TAKE care of him," my little new-born son,
And, "when I come again, I will repay thee;"
Prepare him for his earthly race to run,
And, "when I come again, I will repay thee."

"Take care of him," that wealthy, flattered man,
And, "when I come again, I will repay thee;"
Tell him the longest life is but a span,
And, "when I come again, I will repay thee."

"Take care of him" when foes have laid him low,
And, "when I come again, I will repay thee;"
Pour oil upon the wounds or stunning blow,
And, "when I come again, I will repay thee."

"Take care of him," and help him to the inn,
And, "when I come again, I will repay thee;"
Take out thy two pence from thy purse within,
And, "when I come again, I will repay thee."

WHO OPENED THINE EYES?

In twilight once I groped along,
Delighting in a thoughtless throng;
With others, called rash deeds a lark,
Not caring that my mind was dark.

Dressed in fine clothing (though a slave),
I thought not all led to the grave;
Quite unconcerned, I spent the day,
Forgetting how time rolled away.

Eternal life, I wished not for,
I neither loved nor kept the law;
Thought prosy those who tried to stay
My running from the narrow way.

The broad road was the place for me,
At festivals I longed to be;
And admiration keenly sought,
How oft, alas! too dearly bought.

A Brother raised to high estate,
Saw my degraded abject state—
A warning sent me from afar,
It flashed past like a falling star.

My eyes He opened, and I saw
I was with my best Friend at war;
I sought from sinful ways, release,
And longed for holiness and peace.

Loved Brother—need I tell His name,
Above all others', sounds His fame;
Jesus our God—the Holy One,
Seek pardon at His Throne *alone.*

No other can bestow the grace,
To surely run a winning race;
Follow His counsel—you will gain
A crown, and sit with Him and reign.

TRUTH does not fear a foe to criticise her,
Falsehood must have a lover blind to prize her.

MY DESIRE.

To live in endless scenes of bliss,
And never do a thing amiss;
With lovers and loved friends to roam
In my rich Father's splendid home.

Such is my aim, such my desire,
To regal halls my hopes aspire ;
Most courtly robes I wish to wear,
All jewelled be my costly gear.

I seek immortal great renown,
Expect and hope to wear a crown ;
Attired with taste by Majesty,
Fit for a palace I shall be.

Ah ! if such bliss is to be mine,
The great Refiner must refine ;
Sit at the crucible and see,
Reflected His own Self in me.

A warfare there is yet to wage,
An enemy to face, whose rage
Would fain destroy and curse for aye
All fighting 'gainst *his* dynasty.

Lord, grant that he may not prevail,
Give me a peep behind the veil ; (2 Cor. xii. 19)
Like Paul, my spirit strengthen here,
My weakness help—allay my fear. (Rev. ii. 10)

If I am faithful unto death,
With joy shall I yield up my breath ;
A crown of life go to receive,
And *never more* feel pain or grieve.

Shielded by Thee, let me march on,
Till all proclaim the battle won ;
Then, *victor* from the conflict rise.
To claim the promised, longed for prize.

THE grandest, mightiest, loftiest thoughts of men
Cannot be put on paper with a pen.

A RETROSPECT.

IN spirit let me rove with Thee,
My Saviour and my God—
Think for a while Thy form I see,
As when this earth Ye trod.

A wedding feast, attend we do,
Many are gathered there ;
How sweet to see Thy gentle smile,
While wine thou dost prepare.

Soon to a blind man we approach,
A cry for help is heard;
"*See!*" says the Source of light and life—
The cure is not deferred.

Lame is that creature crawling there,
My Master speaks again;
Up leaps the man in ecstasy,
And follows in our train.

For forty years by Satan bound,
A sister stooping low,
Tries her imploring eyes to raise,
Ah! no more need *she* bow.

Her chain is loosed—with form erect,
With admiration see,
Her wonder at the Mighty One,
Whose voice could set her free.

Hark! "Son of David, mercy show,"
A leper comes in sight;
My blessed Friend exclaims, "Be clean,"
How wonderful His might!

A funeral procession now,
With widow sore distressed,
Mourning her loved and only son,
So early called to rest,

Comes near the Prophet, Priest, and King—
Will *death* flee at His nod?
Surely the thing described is true—
He raised is by my God.

A PRAYER.

Draw near, draw near, and comfort me,
Lord of all power, earth and sea;
I want Thee very much indeed,
Bless me through David's chosen seed.

Draw near and let me rest on Thee,
Saviour of Adam's progeny;
Brother, fold round me arms of love,
Carry me safely up above.

Wearied I am—to Thee I flee,
Set me from Satan's power free;
Place me above this scene of strife,
Endowed to grace a better life.

Instruct me in all holiness,
True wisdom I shall then possess;
And praise Thee for a destiny,
Blest through futurity to be.

I feel around me shades of night,
They seem my energies to blight;
Oh! Sun of Righteousness, appear—
My chilly habitation cheer.

Light of my soul, in Thee I live,
Wandered I have, do, pray, forgive;
Roll round me Thy white, seamless dress,
Warm my cold cheek with soft caress.

Increase my faith, allay my fear,
In love, wipe off my latest tear;
Watch o'er me while I sleep on earth,
Then wake me up to joy and mirth.

"Abide with me," each want supply,
Draw nigh, belovéd One, draw nigh;
And with those piercéd hands of Thine
Place me where I shall brightest shine.

WHO ARE THE WISE?

All men crave very much more than this earth can give,
Yet, quite regardless of a future state, they live;
In pleasure haunts some try to while their time away,
Until disease and death turns them again to clay.

Others there are believe a future state of bliss
The godly will attain when passed away from this;
Despising earthly toys, they live for realms above,
Do all the good they can, and cherish thoughts of love.

Who are the wise men?—think, what should your reply be,
Quickly your mind make up, *truthfully* answer me;
I think the wisest course for mortal man to run
Is that marked out by Christ, God's best beloved Son.

Differ you may from me—try peace on earth to find,
Nothing that I have here can satisfy my mind;
I seek a state of bliss, endless without alloy,
For it I work and live, and fleeting time employ.

When the last trumpet's sound has raised us from the tomb,
Either to endless joys, or ever deepening gloom;
It will be then too late mistakes to rectify,
Wisdom now bids us store wealth where men never die.

TRUTH.

TRUTH floats triumphantly o'er all the foam,
That falsehood raises on sin's troubled sea ;
From the straightforward course *truth cannot roam*,
Falsehood in ev'ry by-path seen may be.

Hail to the truth ! I greet thee with applause,
Falsehood—through thee, man's degradation came ;
Of all our misery thou art the cause,
Thy lovers, when detected, blush for shame.

Would that thy name alone remained on earth,
That truth—immortal truth, reigned here alone ;
We should have little drawback to our mirth,
And fearlessly approach the Holy One.

Men linger near the thing they most adore,
And truthful souls the God of truth will love ;
They all, like Him, unrighteousness deplore,
And long to rise to purer scenes above.

AUTUMN ACCUSED.

AUTUMN, you tyrant, you have stripped me
  Of all my warm and costly gear;
Naked I am, and winter coming—
  Cold is the end of each dead year.

How shall I stand through chilly weather?
  Any to help me is there near?
Exposed to snow storms as I must be,
  Is there not cause for me to fear?

AUTUMN.

Nothing to me is your complaining,
  I do my duty, and pass on;
You had your summer to prepare in,
  And knew that warm days soon were gone.

Then was your time to weave a raiment
  Which would remain untouched by me—
Fools only fear my certain advent,
  Wise men expect the change you see.

CHRISTIAN.

Come in, you naked pilgrim—come in,
Enter my shelter, you shall find,
Christ, my rich Master, offers clothing
Which will keep out the wintry wind.

Money He asks not—but a service
Which must arise from heart-felt love ;
Autumn dismays not His dependants—
Spring brings them garments from above.

A GRAFT.

A GRAFT upon the Living Vine,
Thou Sun eternal on me shine—
Help me to bear fruit fit to eat,
Giving to hungry souls their meat ;
Juice from my grapes make sweet, good wine,
Refreshing, like all drinks of Thine.

Let me not idly wither here,
Productive be the branch You bear,
Prune me in love, and cast away
The sickly leaves that cause decay ;
Reared up for heaven let me be—
Dessert at banquet served by Thee.

CREATION.—First Part.

First Day.

Dark rolled the earth along—
God's voice thunder'd,
"Let there be light"—it shone;
Angels wonder'd.

Second Day.

Waters divided soon—
Those above raised,
God then called the heaven—
That, too, was praised.

Third Day.

Soon the dry land appeared—
Rivers and seas;
Green grass the earth adorned—
Fruitful the trees.

On rolled the waters round,
Formed soon to be
Aquarium full of
Strange things to see.

Fourth Day.

Sun, moon, and stars now seen—
Lovely their shining;
Clouds floating round the earth
With silver lining.

Fifth Day.

Fowls through the vapour fly,
In mid-air raise
Notes of thanksgiving, strange
Echoing praise!

Huge monsters move along,
Cattle abound;
Creeping things everywhere
Cover the ground.

Sixth Day.

Mighty Creator! Oh,
What next to be?
Dust raised in beauty fair,
Breathed on by Thee!

Man, in Thine image made,
Lord of the soil;
Rich in luxuriance,
No cause for toil.

Placed as vicegerent, to
Love and defend
The works of creation,
Till time should end.

Eden, his dwelling-place—
All hallowed ground;
Yet, for this lonely man,
No mate was found.

Wonder of wonders ! gaze—
Soon by his side
Stood Eve, the beautiful
Help-mate and bride !

Seventh Day.

Their Maker resting now,
Round Him all sing—
Wonderful ! excellent !
Good, everything.

The Fall.

Watching, with jealous eye,
That happy pair ;
Bent on destroying soon
All that was fair.

Down the dark spirit came—
Lurked near the tree
Whose fruit was forbidden,
Eaten to be.

Eve, as it looked so nice,
Listened—and fell—
Gave to her husband, and
He ate as well.

Triumphed the tempter—then
Death and decay
Blighted creation, and
Joy passed away.

Eden, so rich and bright,
Home decked so fair,
Lost—lost for ever! *now*,
Cursed all things there.

Second Part.

The sad pair, now banished,
Go toiling along;
Their children, born crying,
Grow up, and go wrong.

Soon, Cain kills his brother—
Repeats the first sin;
What grief to the mother,
Who hoped he had been

That Child that was promised
The serpent to bruise—
Restore her lost pleasure,
And comfort infuse.

Not so—she must die, and
Be laid in the grave;
The Deluge wash o'er her,
Ere He came to save;

Race after race be born—
All going astray;
Darker, and darker yet,
Becoming each day—

Until the flood drowned them
Beneath its high waves ;
One family from it,
The Almighty saves.

Then, Ararat, surely
Thy height heard a prayer
And hymn of thanksgiving
While they sojourned there.

Faint, though the melody,
And simple the rhyme
(How feeble, compared with
That sung at earth's prime) ;

Yet it was thanksgiving,
For hearts full of love
There worshipped Jehovah—
The High One above.

Will Noah, when tempted,
Like Eve, fall away ?
Oh ! Father of mercies,
The pestilence stay.

Redeemer, the Promised—
Oh ! quickly come down !
Man now dreads his Maker,
And shrinks from His frown.

Atone for our guilt, plant
The Spirit within;
Descend, Lord Almighty,
And rescue from sin.

Redemption.

Hosts of Heaven join in praise,
While to Christ a hymn we raise;
All our ransom He has paid—
Man no longer is afraid.

One with God and Virgin's Son,
He the victory has won;
Satan vanquished—fall'n the foe,
Joyous now we onward go.

When we safely dwell on high,
We shall, with the angels, cry—
"Holy, Holy, Holy Three!
All Thy servants worship Thee.

Glory now in every place,
Be to Him who saved our race;
Alpha and Omega, He
Ever, ever, praised be!"

In the new made heaven and earth,
Will be pleasure, love, and mirth;
Like a river flowing on,
Every cause of sorrow gone.

Glory be to God on high—
Never more will heave a sigh ;
Never more will tear be shed—
Death is vanquished, death is dead.
(Rev. xxi. 4)

DARK ROLLS THE EARTH ALONG.

Dark rolls the earth along,
Laden with sin ;
Death and pain everywhere,
Evil within.

"Let there be light!" again,
Saviour, exclaim ;
All things create anew,
All things reclaim.

Some in this darken'd state,
Long for the light ;
For their sake hasten—oh !
Reign in Thy might.

All in the body groan—
Toiling below ;
Wearily, heavily,
Downward they go.

Open our sleepy eyes,
  Unstop our ears;
Comfort our troubled souls,
  Quiet our fears.

Pour out Thy Spirit now,
  Speak in Thy might;
Brighter and brighter shine,
  "*Let there be light.*"

FROSTED SILVER.

When I arise from earth to realms more clear,
Like frosted silver may my soul appear;
Refined by the Refiner, fair to see,
Freed from impurity, now mixed in me.

I would shine like the ice on mountain peaks,
Illuminated by the sun's bright golden streaks;
Ere such celestial garments cover me,
I must descend, and dust and ashes be.

We cannot rest until the battle's won,
We must keep watch with our whole armour on;
The time to rest is when the scorching sun
Has disappeared, and death's dark night begun.

Earth is no resting place we all must find—
Since Adam fell, no one knows peace of mind;
In Christ *alone* true rest and peace are found,
And where His people sleep, is hallowed ground.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

(*Matthew* xxi. 19; *Mark* xi. 13—21.)

NOTHING but leaves on thee,
Nothing but leaves;
Not one fig can I see—
Nothing but leaves.

Yet, you look green and fresh,
Fair to the eye;
"Would that one fig were there,"
Sadly I sigh.

"One ripe fruit on thee found,
Would have saved thee;
Nothing but leaves abound—
No use to Me.

Down with it, down with it,
Fell to the ground;
When I sought fruit on thee,
No fruit was found.

Barren tree, cursed be,
Thy doom is fixed;
Withered, to-morrow see (Mark xxi. 20)
Dregs for thee mixed."

Such were the Saviour's words—
Sad truth they tell;
Nothing but leaves on thee,
Thy doom is Hell.

MALACHI iii. 17.

On looking from a lofty peak,
What pigmies men seem down below;
Not more than mole-hills, so to speak,
Yet living souls within them glow.

We moving grains of fashioned earth,
Frail as the grass on which we tread;
Our Maker loved before our birth—
For our reception blessings spread.

He decked this world with beauty fair,
Her caverns filled with ore and gold;
Inlaid her, too, with diamonds rare,
And covered her with wealth untold.

With flowers, herbs, and lovely trees,
He garnished her to please His Bride;
In Eden man could live at ease,
With his Creator, side by side.

Much more, we read, as jewels rare,
Reset we shall in beauty shine;
The glories of His kingdom share—
His word stands sure, "They shall be Mine."

Will all mankind rise up in light?
Will all like costly gems appear?
Will all bear placing in His sight?
Will all be to His bosom dear?

Alas! we know it is not so,
Those who reject a Saviour's love
Must pass through dust to endless woe,
Be burnt like dross, not shine above.

THE WANDERING SHEEP.

Oh! I feel, on this earth, I have oft gone astray—
Like a sheep, I have wandered far out of the way;
When the north wind blew cold, how I wished for my home,
Yet I did not return, though my Father said, "Come."

So He came out to fetch me, through tangle and wild,
For He loved me, His thoughtless, undutiful child;
I was cold, nearly famished, and not fit to see,
But He warmed, and soon fed, and then comforted me.

Lifted up in His arms, in His bosom I lay,
Safely carried o'er dangers by night and by day;
Till, at last, in the fold, with the ninety-and-nine,
I hope ever to keep, and in heaven to shine.

LUKE xix. 28; JOHN xii. 12; MARK xi.

KIND neighbour, do tell me the reason why
The multitude throng, and the people cry,
"Hosanna! hosanna! to David's Son?"
Is this the great Prophet—the Holy One?

Is this the Child promised in days of old?
Is this Messiah the prophets foretold?
Is this the great King that should come to reign,
And Israel and Judah unite again?

According to Scripture, He seems to be
The promised Redeemer they hope to see;
There are some who believe, and some who doubt,
But the greater part of the people shout.

They really believe He is Christ, their King,
And their garments spread and His praises sing;
The sick He has healed, the dead He has raised
(Surely such wonderful works should be praised).

Sitting on the colt of an ass, is He,
What a look of love, and what majesty!
Oh! let us adore as He passeth by,
Hosanna! let us with all others cry.

Blessed be He, that now cometh in peace,
Health to the sick, to the captive, release;
Christ, o'er the kingdoms of this world is He,
His they were—are—and for ever shall be.

MY STONY HEART.

The stone from my hard heart remove,
How cold and dead I lie;
Shake off the grave clothes from my soul—
"Come forth," dear Saviour, cry.

Then shall I rise, like Lazarus,
And all the world will see
How great the power—how glorious,
That changed a thing like me

ISAIAH xliv. 20.

Who feeds on ashes—who? Is it not he
Who hath turned backwards from the ways of God?
He doth not see—he cannot see the lie
His right hand holds—yea, hugs close to his breast.
"To be a god, a ruler over men—
To reign with kingly power or in His stead
Who hath made all things for Himself alone:"
Such were the thoughts the tempter put in man.
When crawling near the tree where Eve reclined,
He threw her off her guard by that word, "*yea;*"
How subtilely he first agreed to all
The Great Creator had declared was true.
"Doth He not know, in that day that ye eat
Ye shall be like to Him, discerning good
And evil?" Ah, that word! she marked it not
That part was true, though joined with deadly lie.

Evil! she who before had known but God,
Or good, now felt within her breast a pang,
Sensations of alarm, remorse and dread.
"Where art thou?" answer that, thou guilty soul—
Thy lighted thorns burnt out, what are they now?
Ashes to ashes; thou hast learned that *truth*—
Yea, thou hast found out, but *too late*, thy state.
How many in our day sin, like to Eve?
Not heeding Him who is the the Truth and Life,
Nor walking in the strait and narrow way;
They listen to the words of crafty men—
Seek warmth from thorns—find it a great mistake,
And sit bewailing outside Paradise.

CONFESSION.

To have sins forgiven—to get up to heaven,
Shall I go to a man, with a life but a span?

Can I tell all my sin, and can he look within?
Some, I might, too, forget; and he, leave, in a pet.

Ah! then, where should I be, with the curse still on me?
I well know what to do—from the Book that is true.

Through the One Priest on high, I may safely draw nigh
To my Father in heaven—and get all forgiven.

SPRING.

First Part.

Cold Winter, while reigning, with grave-clothes had clad
The old world, and made her look faded and sad;
Worn out with hard labour—with snow on her head,
Her eyes sunk with weeping, she seemed as one dead.

Young Spring, once enthroned, re-arranged her with care,
In bridal-clothes decked her, his kingdom to share;
Now, all think her charming, her praise poets sing,
So gladly we welcome her—bride of the Spring.

Second Part.

Daisies and buttercups cover the ground,
Lambkins are sporting in green fields around;
Lovely the foliage seen on the trees
Sweetly sing happy birds, balmy the breeze.

Snowdrops and crocuses faded away—
Doomed, like all beautiful things, to decay;
But are succeeded by flowers as fair—
Tulips and roses, exceedingly rare.

May in the edges, and grass fields in bloom,
Tell us quite plainly the spring-time is come;
Sweet honeysuckle we soon shall all smell—
Which do you love the best? Oh! quickly tell.

Blossoms soon cover the fruit-bearing trees,
Then come potatoes and nice young green peas ;
Salad and cucumbers are the next treat,
Giving a relish to lamb and cold meat.

Dearly I love thee, Spring—why, I will tell,
First, for thy beauty, and next for thy smell—
Then for my appetite—sure a good thing
Comforts me greatly—Hail ! bride of the Spring.

Third Part.

Little bird—little bird on the tree,
Clap your wings for gladness, sing with me ;
Lark in the fresh air nearer the sky,
Carry the melody up on high.

Noisy the cuckoos that now we hear,
Sparrows are twittering far and near—
Birds sweetly warbling, and peacocks' cry,
Greet the young bride as she passes by.

Hark to the voice of the nightingale,
Soft serenader in wood and vale—
In the gloom of night, thy music sweet,
To the restless spirit is a treat.

First-rate performer, the blackbird, hear
Mingling his notes with the thrush so clear ;
Mocking bird echo each joyous song,
To a fairer clime you must belong.

The earth, arrayed in new robes so bright
Reflects the rays of glorious light ;
All nature renewed, refreshed, and fair,
Fills with melodious sounds the air.

So, young men and maidens, bond and free,
With the old folks gaily join with me ;
In rapturous chorus let us sing,
Hail ! to thee, lovely bride of the Spring !

CHRISTMAS.

A MESSENGER of God came down,
While shepherds watched their flocks by night ;
And said, " Fear not, to-day is born
The promised Child—the Life, the Light."

Trembling they stood and sore afraid—
Jehovah's Glory shone around ;
Then, suddenly, the Heavenly Host
Praised God with sweet melodious sound.

" The highest glory be to God,"
That bright, seraphic choir sung ;
" To-day a Saviour, Christ is born,"
And heaven with Hallelujahs rung.

Then said the shepherds, "Let us go
To see this Child (we need not fear),
'Tis David's son—our promised Lord,
How wonderful it doth appear."

To me, too, thinking of that night—
How wonderful it still appears;
That promised Child is Life and Light,
And saves me from my sins and fears.

Let me repeat the angels' song,
"All glory be to Thee on high";
May I have peace on earth, and love,
And louder sing in yonder sky.

A GRAFT.

LIKE ivy round the grand oak tree,
Do interwine me, Lord, with Thee;
My frame sustain in every part,
Supply the fountain of my heart.

A parasite, like mistletoe,
Nourished by Thee, I fain would grow;
(Jeremiah xxxiii. 15)
High on the *Branch* of David's seed,
Let me for ever dwell and feed.

Grafted in Thee, Thou living Vine,
May I produce grapes sweet and fine—
Not leaves alone, thus fruitless stay,
Lest I, in wrath, be cast away.

Now, metaphor I leave behind,
In other words, I would be kind—
Keep doing good, inherit life,
And dwell apart from wrath and strife.

Ready, when called above, to fill
My place in heaven, and do His will;
With angels live in love and peace,
And join in praise that ne'er shall cease.

Then to my Father on His Throne,
And Elder Brother, Holy One,
And Comforter, shall ever be—
A hymn of sweetest melody.

'TWIXT ME AND THEE.

YOURS, like a rivulet, sweet, pure, and free—
Mine, like a torrent, rushing to the sea.

MAN'S SHORT PROBATION ENDED.

A TIME of gloom and darkness
  Precedes that awful day,
When heaven and earth, astonished,
  Before God pass away.
The light of lights descended,
  The gloom and darkness flee;
Man's short probation ended,
  His Maker then shall see.
Lo! with eyes of flaming fire,
  His hair as white as snow,
And girt with golden girdle, (Rev. i. 13, 14)
  The Ancient One we know.
On throne of whiteness seated,
  And rainbow sparkling round;
The ransomed then are greeted
  With "Come, ye lost ones—found."

An angel sounds the trumpet—
  Up start, from land and sea,
A host of the departed,
  But they accursed shall be.
The gloom again shall gather—
  Their hearts shall sink like lead;
Darkness shall then close o'er them,
  And they be dead—twice dead.
    This is the second death.

A CERTAIN LITTLE MAIDEN.

Full of youth and full of beauty,
Fair, and very dear to me,
Was a certain little maiden
Sitting, laughing, on my knee.

How I prayed that God would keep her
Through the storms and ills of life—
Give her strength to fight His battles,
And to conquer in the strife.

So, when (faded childhood's beauty),
Age or sickness caused decay,
She might rise above all weakness,
Fairer far, in endless day.

ROOT AND BRANCH.

Thou art the Root, and as a branch,
My life depends on Thee;
Immortal, Thou, great God of love,
Shall I immortal be?

If so, help me to grow in grace,
And good fruit quickly bear;
Lest, in Thy wrath, Thou cut me off,
And I die in despair.

Thou Vine, from Whom all living shoots
Draw sap from day to day,
Grant me Thy grace to flourish more,
Prune—but cast not away.

Then, being ever one with Thee,
Transplanted, I shall bloom—
Continue sweet good fruit to bear,
Not wither in the tomb.

TWO LAWYERS.

At a window two wealthy lawyers sat—
Said one to the other, "A good thing that;
If they go on quarrelling, you will see,
Soon to us their money transferred will be.

If people would quickly settle their griefs,
We should not have nearly so many briefs;
Very few would come to the office door,
And we, and most lawyers, be always poor.

But, thanks to the spirit of wrath and strife,
We can now lead a pleasant kind of life;
As down they keep going, we always rise—
'Tis the bankrupt client the fund supplies.

You will find the world will not wiser get,
And people will see us much richer yet;
As long as they quarrel and fret and tease,
We both, with their money, can live at ease."

THE SKY ROCKET.

On great occasions and rejoicings,
Illuminations some have seen;
Most beautiful the strange devices—
Delighting those who there have been.

More beautiful than all, the rocket,
Rising from earth in stately form;
Roaring, glimmering, then exploding,
Threatening, like a thunder storm.

Illuminating soon the darkness,
How glorious is the sight we see;
Showers of stars of dazzling brightness,
Down fall in hues enchanting me.

How all must wish that sight repeated—
Linger to see another rise;
Go home aggrieved, the *fête* is over,
Thus joys departed end in sighs.

I would the gleam I leave behind me—
Like those bright stars might soothing prove;
And cause some thoughtless, dark bystander,
To catch a spark, and upward move.

When rising from this earth to heaven,
Like the sky rocket, may I shine;
Not like it, fade away in dimness,
But have a radiance more divine.

I BELIEVE.

The sceptic may laugh at my old woman's songs,
And say, what he sees to *Dame Nature* belongs—
Call the new world a myth—great rubbish my rhyme;
Hope this world will last, and continue in time.
But I quite believe in an eternity, (Rev. x. 6)
When time and this old world will both cease to be.
If I should be right, unbelievers will sigh,
And seek for that death which the Lord will deny;
Then, those who are saved will for ever delight
In such "old women's songs," in regions of light.

ECCLESIASTES i. 2.

"All is vanity," saith the preacher;
"All is vanity"—is that true?
Have I found life as he describes it?
My joys, have they been great or few?

Few, compared with my griefs and troubles,
Yet I have cause for endless praise;
Depressed at times, but not desponding,
A power there is, my soul can raise.

Though earth be cursed for man's rebellion—
Though groans from all creation rise;
Though death finds victims in all stations,
Hope casts an anchor in the skies.

There may I ride in safety—fearless,
Moored to my Saviour and my God;
Above the stormy scenes and passions,
That acted as a chastening rod.

The stream of time no longer flowing—
Eternity, the ocean vast
On which my bark all buoyant floating,
Will have survived the tempest past.

No preacher there shall ever tell me,
"All vanity of vanities";
But, satisfied, the eye with seeing—
I shall rove on, 'neath cloudless skies.

OUR ISLAND HOME.

LORD, help me now a prayer to raise,
That this loved land may mend her ways;
Our Queen—my heart's desire is, she
May be both loved and ruled by Thee.
The House of Peers keep firm and pure,
Intent Thy statutes to insure;
The House of Commons with men bless,
Resolved all evils to redress.
Then none need fear, whate'er may come—
No power shall curse our Island Home.

WHY THIS FURY?

YE who sit above the vapours of the
Earth, say—what transpireth, why this fury
Of the Lord poured out on all the nations?
Why utterly destroyed their armies, and
Delivered to the slaughter, so that their
Blood, in torrents flowing, melts the mountains?
Why, like a drunkard, doth the old world reel—
Yea, to and fro is moved exceedingly?

Is not the moon confounded, and the sun
Ashamed at this? Do tell us why, all ye,
Who sit above the sky—commissioners?
Man, ask not beings such as us the cause,
But seek, within the volume of the Book,
Inspired by thy Creator and thy Lord,
And thou shalt find that sin hath caused it all.
There He hath written—"My judgments will I
Pour upon the earth and make her waste—yea,
Turn it upside down and scatter all its
Frail inhabitants. Woe! woe, unto her.
I, the Lord of Hosts, with noise and thunder—
Yea, with earthquake and with flaming fire,
Devouring all about me, will I come
To recompense for their iniquity."
Happy, thrice happy, he who hath believed,
And sought a mansion in the realms of bliss—
Not made with hands—eternal in the sky.

LIGHT IN THE DWELLING.

EXTINGUISH not the spark
Within this strange clay habitation;
Let nothing there be dark—
Keep it from evil exhalation.

Dwell in my earth-built cot—
Warmth, be thou, beneath its clammy walls;
Cheer up my dismal lot,
Catch would I each sunbeam as it falls.

Light of all lights descend,
My freed soul take back again with thee;
Thou only canst defend—
Great God, Thine, for ever may I be.

"HE SHALL SEE OF THE TRAVAIL OF HIS SOUL AND BE SATISFIED."

(*Isaiah* liii. 11.)

The law, fulfilled, destroyed its power to curse,
And He who stood between us and its just
Decree of death, could now most truly say—
"I am the Life, and I am come that ye
Might have it more abundantly"—a life,
Not like the present—liable to sin
And sore temptation, suffering in mind
Most grievously, in body more—each limb
And nerve the prey of some disease; pleasure
Shortened to a span; fell evil rampant
In ourselves and others—fear gendered by
The fact that all have sinned; consequently,
Causing great grief to friend as well as foe.

What satisfaction must He then have felt,
When of this woe He could foresee the end?—
A world repeopled with a sinless race,
Redeemed from every pain and guilty fear;
All jubilant with praise around His throne,
Where rising tears were wiped away in love,
And healing leaves from off the Tree of Life
Would cure diseases. Principalities
And powers of darkness would be low with their
Acute and subtile leader in the deep
Abyss; His people's life one lengthening
Pleasure, freed for ever from the power
Of death; that enemy the last of all
That shall be swallowed up in victory—
Victory His, who in the direst grief
And agony was therewith *satisfied.*

HEALTH.

You who have health remember,
In a moment it is past;
For good, use every member,
As short is the time *they* last.

If sin destroys your structure,
You will lie down in despair;
Your Maker wont remake you,
Or your tott'ring house repair.

EPHEMERA.

May-fly, how like to man's short life—
Born, married, buried, gone ;
Ephemeral, our epitaph—
All things pass swiftly on.

How long your one day seems to you,
Is quite unknown to me ;
No doubt your joys are quickly past—
Sorrows would tedious be.

We all wish every moment past,
When full of grief and pain ;
And pleasures, like a shadow flee,
We want them back in vain.

Crowded within existence brief,
Troubles to me appear ;
Creation groans—expiring moans,
From everything we hear.

Then, day-fly, some may envy thee
And long for their release ;
While blither hearts with pity see
Thy brief existence cease.

Perhaps, if we were more informed,
Our lot might equal prove;
Each fills the place by God ordained,
He made us both in love.

That love, enough for thee and me,
No night you ever knew;
No night for me, if I get where
Grief ne'er a shadow threw.

That love, enough for all that breathes,
No doubt fills you with glee;
I hope to joy in endless day
Throughout eternity.

One long, long day the happy lot
Of God's redeemed on high;
One long, long night in frightful spot
The lost, in grief must lie.

Those truly then may envy thee,
Short lived but sprightly fly;
I envy not—I hope to dwell
With Jesus in the sky.

MY LAST GOOD-NIGHT.

I HOPE to rise and shine on yonder shore,
Through Christ, who is my life, and Him adore ;
Wing up my spirit swift to thrones on high—
Dash through the ether, rest in yonder sky.

On yonder shore ! who lights up yonder shore ?
God's only Son—He rose to set no more ;
Passed dreary nights—there shall be *no night there ;*
Land of delights ! freed from all anxious care.

No more aroused from sleep to grief and fear,
No more my eyelids moistened with a tear ;
No sound of anguish there can any hear—
Calm my repose with Jesus ever near.

Sorrow and crying vanished—passed away ;
Death, buried too, and no more strange decay ;
Joys everlasting round about His throne—
Sweet songs of praise surround *that Holy One.*

On yonder shore—on yonder shore arise
Loud sounds of praise and dulcet melodies ;
On yonder shore—on yonder shore, in light,
May I for ever rove, arrayed in white.

Be where no sun can ever set in gloom,
Rise pure and lovely from the dismal tomb—
Dwell in a home where everything is bright,
And on this earth have said—*my last "good-night."*

"AND HE SOUGHT TO SEE JESUS, WHO HE WAS."

(*Luke* xix. 3.)

And do I really seek to see
My Saviour one, my God, with Thee?
Or is it only *seem to be*,
And not a sure reality?

Do I believe that by-and-by,
Before the Judgment seat on high,
I there must stand, account to give
Of all I do, while here I live?
Shall I, with gladness, hear the sound
That wakes my body from the ground?
And, having loved *Thee* here below,
Before assembled nations show—
That what I said, I felt to be
Most true—a sure reality?

Oh! let me, Father, ponder well
On the false ways that lead to hell;
Feed me with truth, enlighten me,
Help me all evil paths to flee,
And keep me very near to Thee.

A weakly lamb, a tender plant,
I for the living water pant ;
Like hunted hart, faint with the chase,
I long to find a resting place.
Thou, living water, art my drink,
Refreshed with Thee I shall not sink ,
Thou, food divine, on Thee I feed,
Nor other nourishment can need—
Yes, Saviour, Thou art dear to me,
A sure—a sweet reality.

—※—

ON YONDER SHORE.

On yonder shore—on yonder shore,
Who rises there to set no more ?
Oh ! it is Christ, the Father's Son—
He fought the foe, the victory won.

Was it not here the foe He slew ?
Do you believe the tale is true ?
If so, then serve Him night and day,
Lest you, in wrath, He also slay.

March with His armies forth and fight—
No coward be with Him in sight ;
No craven prove with death in view—
Be to your Captain staunch and true.

Then, when all strife on earth shall cease,
And heralds sound forth words of peace,
In realms of light on yonder shore
May we all meet to part no more.

Think of the time when mansions fair,
That unseen beings now prepare,
Will be inhabited in glee—
The happy homes of you and me.

Wake up—wake up, my harp and lute,
Play softly on the dulcet flute ;
Sing loudly, voices from all climes
Join in the everlasting chimes.

Ring on—ring on, the merry peal,
All round the Bride should joyous feel ;
For lasting bloom is seen above,
On yonder shore—unblighted love.

To God the Father, God the Son,
For ever ring the sweet peal on ;
The day of Jubilee, when come,
Will find the Lord's redeemed at Home.

SUCH IS LIFE?

The fruits from summer's flowers spring,
Then winter—icy stern old king,
Reigns over all; yet his cold sway,
Must soon to gentle spring give way.

That youthful monarch, loved by all,
Is welcomed by both great and small;
Most hearts feel sad to think his bloom
Should ever wither in the tomb.

But such is life—we come—we go;
At first all fresh—no thought of woe;
Then bud and blossom—fade away,
And lie the winter in decay.

Hark! hark, a trumpet's sound I hear,
I leave the grave—my spring is near;
A glorious form is greeting me,
My long loved Saviour now I see.
And I am like Him, wondrous truth,
Raised up in beauty, strength, and youth;
My ears can clearly hear Him say—
"Arise, my fair one, come away—
Bloom now in Heaven, ever free
From pain, sin, death, and misery."

Friends, seek ere summer time is past,
The joys that will for ever last.

PSALM xxii. 31.

Going blindly to destruction,
  Multitudes rush mad along;
Live and die, no evil fearing,
  Wasting time in feast and song.

Deaf to every kind entreaty,
  Mocking at the sober few,
Who, obedient, do their duty,
  And the Saviour's steps pursue. (Joel ii. 32)

Is it then a little remnant, (Rev. xii. 17)
  After all can rescued be;
By that mighty agony,
  Suffered on that cursed tree? (Luke xii. 32)

Will the glory of that fragment,
  Well repay for all the shame
That on Calvary was suffered,
  Fallen creatures to reclaim?

For a generation counted
  Thus, we read that few shall rise (Matt. xx. 16)
In such regal power and beauty,
  As to cause in all surprise.

A new heaven and earth are promised—
  Sons of God and daughters fair
Shall that happy land inhabit—
  Reign in joy for ever there. (2 Cor. vi. 18)

CHRIST MY ALL IN ALL.

Let my dark frame reflect the ray
Of heaven's bright sun—my life—my stay.

In trouble *Thou* my comfort art—
My lifter up, when faint in heart;
My joy in grief, my morning star,
My resting place when wandering far.
The *Root* on which my life began—
The Branch that made me more than man;
Grafted in Thee, the living Vine,
A child of God one day to shine.
The Saviour from sin's misery—
The Man who bore the curse for me;
The Partner of my joys and woe,
I can't to other sources go;
Or, if I did, no stay they'd be
In sickness, pain or misery.
When death's dark night shall sink my head
A moment, in earth's lowly bed,
Like sun in spring-time sweetly shine,
And quickly raise me—*wholly Thine.*

THE MANGER.

A CURIOUS little structure I perceive,
And strange to tell (a thing you wont believe),
A Royal residence it sure must be,
Because, the resting place of Deity.

A manger—can it really be
My God once lay reposed in thee ;
Then, can I wish a mansion fine
To house this mortal frame of mine?

My Father, whatsoe'er my lot,
Give me Thy grace to murmur not ;
If rich—restrain my soul from pride,
If poor—still I'll in Thee confide.

Then, if in manger, hall, or cot,
That will become a sacred spot—
Where God descend to dwell with me,
A Royal residence must be.

WATERS OF LIFE.

In a voice like many waters,
Spake He, saying—"Fear not Me,
I am Alpha and Omega—
Write the things that soon shall be.

I, the Root and Seed of David,
Am the bright and morning star;
Take the waters of life freely,
Come and drink then as you are;

And your thirst shall be assuaged,
For My blood was shed for thee;
I bought Heaven for My people,
Enter in—I give it free."

He that testifieth heard it—
In a book he wrote it down,
That the trembling soul might read it,
And, believing, gain a crown.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus
Be with you, and me, and all;
And when summoned to His presence,
May we gladly hear the call. Amen.

AUTUMN.

Autumnal tints again we see—
Soon summer flowers will cease to be ;
Their fruits remain—on them we feed
And store them up for times of need ;
Then, winter only will remain,
Before the earth looks young again.

So we, who are in middle age,
Should show some sign that we grow sage—
That summer has not passed away
In idleness, or senseless play.

The fruits of our experience here
Should mental food for youth prepare ;
That when our heads, grown white as snow,
Shall plainly to our children show,
Our winter has at last set in,
And we must leave this world of sin,
Our spring a happy one may be,
All young again—all fresh to see ;

A PRISONER AT THE BAR.

A PRISONER at the bar I stand;
My guilt is proved; I am arraigned
Of treason to my lawful King;
Plenty of witnesses they bring
Who prove, beyond a doubt, I erred,
And evil oft to good preferred.

Then spake the Judge—
"Have you no friend who knows our laws,
Who could and would defend your cause,
Or, in your stead, a ransom pay?"
Then I replied, "My Lord, to-day
There sits *One* on the throne with Thee,
His hands and feet, all scarred you see;
His blood was shed—'tis all my plea."
"Enough," He cried, "I here decree
The case discharged—the prisoner free;
And, more, he may sit down with Me."
Oh! moment of great ecstasy!

CRUEL MEN.

(*Psalm* v. 6.)

I DO not think that cruel men
Will ever rise above;
E'en could they rise, they'd find no bliss,
For all in Heav'n is love.

The dispositions that can starve,
Or beat, a helpless thing,
Are what the Lord declares He hates—
They vain oblations bring.

For cruel and blood-thirsty men,
We read, His soul abhors;
They curse the things He made in love,
And break His righteous laws.

So, downward to the pit they go,
Their home is not above—
With spirits like themselves must dwell,
Far from a world of love.

"COME FORTH!" ONCE MORE EXCLAIM.

When Lazarus, Thy loved one, died,
And in the grave had three days lain,
Thy voice in power loudly cried,
And he to life came forth again.

Some of my loved ones now seem dead,
Their ears heed not my mournful cry;
They feed not on the living bread,
And over them I weep and sigh.

To Thee, like Martha, I complain,
My voice Thou hearest, though above;
"Come forth—come forth," once more exclaim—
Answer my prayer, Thou God of Love.

Shake off their grave-clothes, let them go
From twilight into full noon-day;
Robe them with garments white as snow,
And send them forth in bright array.

With loving hearts and willing hands,
Working for Thee where'er they roam;
Whether in this or other lands,
Fit them for their eternal home.

There may we meet above the gloom
That makes me sad and dims my eyes;
No more to fear the dismal tomb,
And o'er the dead heave useless sighs.

But sitting with those sisters fair,
And Brother, so much loved by Thee;
Let us, redeemed from grief and care,
Gaze on Thy face in ecstasy.

IS ENGLAND SO DEGRADED?

Is England so degraded, Lord,
That few men grieve to see
The beasts entrusted to their care,
Toil on in agony?

How any man can see the sight
My eyes beheld to-day,
And walk along in unconcern,
Fills me with deep dismay?

Oh! the image of his Maker,
Both marred and lost must be;
Or he would raise his voice with power,
To crush such tyranny.

When God said—"I have made thee lord
O'er all on earth we see";
Adam was, like his Maker, *good*,
Vicegerent fit to be.

Abusing delegated power, (Psalm v. 6)
A curse—a blight is he;
Oh change again his nature, Lord,
Re-make him more like Thee.

THE FOE IS MUSTERING STRONG.

Soldiers, band together quickly!
Hark! the foe is mustering strong;
Powerful, their dark commander—
Craftily they creep along.

Moved by one malignant spirit,
Each weak point they try in turn;
Underneath, around, above us,
We, their tactics can discern.

Coming nearer every second,
Those, once thought our friends, desert
Sweet their music—false their bugling;
Pickets keep on the alert.

Swelling on that turbed river,
Poisoned every twist and twirl ;
Raise the standard, Holy Spirit,
And the flag of *Truth* unfurl.

Have we not a great Commander,
One to trust in time of need ;
Out-manœuvring each manœuvre,
Able to protect and lead ?

Yes, He ever goes before us,
Where He rides, the foe must fall ;
Faithful is our mightier Leader,
Captain, Prince, and Lord of all !

ONLY A STEWARDESS.

Only a stewardess,
Lord, all is Thine ;
Rich, though the world calls me,
Nothing is mine.

When asked to give account,
What shall I say ?
Father, I'm frail and weak–
Oh ! spare me, pray

Wasting Thy goods, I own,
Though kindly lent ;
All, I can never pay—
Much was misspent.

Large the amount I owe,
Frightful to see ;
Thou, who art rich indeed,
Let me go free.

Pay all laid to my charge—
My heart renew ;
Make me more trustworthy
In all I do.

So, at the last account,
Settled by Thee ;
I, freed from every debt,
Wealthy may be.

—«—

CHRIST MY FAITH.

Though I am frail and weak and faint,
Something may yet be done
To help and comfort one lone heart,
For whom God sent His Son.

Let me, as time keeps rolling on,
Try Christ to honour more ;
And live fit to obey His call,
To yonder peaceful shore.

Man, at his best, is very frail,
Much more, when health is gone ;
Oh ! for the life where all are blest,
And heavenly mansions won.

Christ is my health, Christ is my wealth,
How dear He is to me ;
Bright Sun, that shines behind the clouds,
Light of all lights is He.

AS WE SOW, WE REAP.

This feeble, fading house of clay,
Will totter, fall, and pass away;
Corruption cannot rise on high—
Corruption in the grave must lie.

The intellect that guides us here,
Must shine again in some new sphere;
Its lot in future must depend,
On what our time below we spend.

The soul must live in bliss or woe,
With care we then should onward go—
Not throw away an endless bliss
For such a transient world as this.

If we, for good our talents use,
And God's great mercies don't abuse,
We shall inherit good untold,
And leave the dust, like burnished gold.

The intellect will, with the soul
And new raised body, make a whole—
So pure, so perfect, and so bright—
In which its Maker will delight.

The angels, and the powers above,
Shall welcome it with sounds of love,
And, joined with it, will ever sing,
Praise to creation's Lord and King.

JEREMIAH vii. 8.

"Behold, ye trust in lying words,
What can such sayings profit ye? (ver. 10)
Ye stand before Me in My house—
I there abomination see.

Falsely ye swear, and incense burn—
Yea, in the house by My name called;
A den of robbers it is made, (ver. 11)
And those who love Me are appalled.

See also what the women do—
The Queen of Heaven is worshipped there;
Cakes, too, are made—not living bread—
Lovers of idols—quail; beware!" (ver. 18)

Thus saith the Lord—"upon this place
My wrath and fury will I pour." (ver. 20)
For them no intercession make, (ver. 16)
Though you their blindness may deplore.

Through it, they do themselves provoke, (ver. 19)
Their faces with confusion blush;
Yet on they go with blinded eyes,
And into darkness madly rush.

Thus saith the Lord, and Israel's God—
"The thing I have commanded—do, (ver. 23)
Obey My voice—break not My law,
And then it shall be well with you.

Worse than your fathers ye have done, (ver. 26)
Backward ye went in spite of all; (ver. 24)
Prophets I sent—ye hearkened not—
Ye and your house, accursed, shall fall.

Mirth in Jerusalem shall cease, (ver. 34)
No bridegroom there—no fair loved bride:
No children in her streets be seen,
Fall shall your Temple, once My pride.

Your sons and daughters meat shall be, (ver. 33)
For fowls and beasts—so oft abused;
None shall there be to pity thee,
Such is My *curse on gifts misused.*"

My readers, can you no where see
A parallel to Israel's sin?
The House of God, at home, abroad,
Idols are there—that house within.

Who incense burns? Are strange cakes made?
What woman's chapel, decked with gold,
Stands full of unchecked worshippers,
Like those idolaters of old?

The Blessed Virgin—blest she is,
That does not make her Heaven's Queen;
Yet some are taught to worship her,
What else does all their teaching mean?

Surely to write much more, were vain,
The blind will not the truth perceive;
Let those whose eyes have not been closed,
Over these evils mourn and grieve.

Oh! quickly let us join in prayer,
That God may not destroy our land;
But rouse her up to serve Him more,
And firmly by the *truth* to stand.

—※—

"OUT OF ZION GOD HATH APPEARED IN PERFECT BEAUTY."

(*Psalm* l. 2.)

Oh! reader, rest awhile, and ponder well with me
On promised beauty—beauty of the Deity.

I envy not the sceptic who disdains
The Mighty Lord I trust in, and who reigns;
Nature is very good—so good that he
Believes not in a God or Trinity.

Nature is truly beautiful—agreed,
But doth the soul no other beauty need ;
What others think I know not—but I feel,
I want much more than nature can reveal.

Nature's sweetest, best, and fairest,
Soon fade and pass away ;
How hopeless perfect beauty here—
Doomed all to see decay.

How bright the true believer's hope,
When earth shall cease to be—
That he, like gold refined, shall rise
In regal majesty.

Thank God, I love the beautiful,
And I believe that He
Will come one day in splendour, Whom,
Rejoicing, may I see.

The Heavens proclaim His glory—
His handiworks are seen ;
And I quite believe the story,
That Christ on earth has been.

Though now 'tis but a glimmering
My darkened soul can see
Of my dear Redeemer's brightness,
It cheers and lightens me.

My rhyme seems but a lisping sound
Of hope that rises high—
That His promised reappearing,
In beauty, draweth nigh.

God's masterpiece—a faultless man,
Will then to heaven rise;
Be like his Maker, beautiful,
And gainsayers surprise.

"AND GOD SAID, LET THERE BE LIGHT, AND THERE WAS LIGHT."

(*Genesis* i. 3.)

CREATION'S Lord, His will proclaimed,
And darkness fled away;
His presence one eternal light—
One glorious, bright noon-day.

'Tis written, in this world we see
But darkly through a glass;
And some prefer to shut their eyes,
And love the night—alas!

That they may spend their time in sin—
Their conscience dull, or dead;
Deaf to the storm, that soon must burst,
And sink their souls like lead

In that unfathomed deep abyss,
Where light is never shed;
Entombed with Satan and his host—
All hope of pardon fled.

What would they give to hear again
Their long insulted Lord
Exclaim aloud, "Let there be light!"
The light they once abhorred.

From that dark lake comes forth a shrill,
A piercing, wailing cry:
Our fearful fate, we know *too late*—
We, *lost* in darkness, lie:

Our gnashing teeth we grind in pain,
Parched with a burning heat;
No light—no light, no water here,
Misery is complete.

Oh! that on earth to Christ—our light,
We had in sorrow fled;
Washed in His blood, and been redeemed;
But we are dead—twice dead.

ALABAMA.

Alabama—Alabama,
Who can say, beneath the sky?
Alabama—Alabama,
Sing the saints of God on high.

Soldiers of the Cross, march onward,
Forward—upward ever go;
In the thickest of the battle,
Wage a war with every foe.

Slay the cruel, help the weary,
Give the thirsty soul a drink
Of the waters of salvation—
Snatch it from destruction's brink.

With old Joshua march onward—
Though the band be worn and few,
Jericho shall fall before you—
Only prove both staunch and true.

Though it be a feeble ram's horn,
If it gives *a certain sound*,
All the faithful quick will rally,
Christ, their Great Commander, round.

War and strife for ever ended,
  Then the Lord's redeemed may sing—
Alabama—Alabama, (Rev. xiv. 13)
  Now we rest in God, our King.

Joy for ever—joy for ever,
  Earth's sad scenes have passed away ;
Our's the *Home* where never, never,
  Sin can cloud our endless day.

STRAYING FROM THE FOLD.

The thorny hedges keep the flock
  Within the pastures fair ;
Sad trials pierce and also shock,
  But good fruit often bear.

Let me not, Lord, then scramble past
  The barriers placed round me,
And lose, for joys that cannot last,
  Good things prepared by Thee.

How often men, like silly sheep,
  Rush from the sheltered fold ;
Then, over their sad folly weep,
  In misery untold.

The lambs their parents imitate,
They follow in their train;
The old ones mourn their fate—*too late*,
Then warn the young *in vain*.

Neglecting the Good Shepherd's voice,
They flee far from its sound—
Soon find the plains they thought so choice,
With hungry wolves abound. (Acts xx. 29)

Defenceless with such foes around,
All terrified they stand—
Regret that well-defended ground,
Sigh for the guarded land.

What would they give to be at home,
With Jesus in the fold;
Safe with His flock, no more to roam
Or suffer want and cold.

Their homestead, Heaven, their thirst appeased,
Their fields with verdure clad;
Their hearts from every burden eased,
Quite satisfied and glad.

"THE WONDERFUL."

A Dew upon the rugged ground,
A Balm to all the wounds around,
An Oil upon the troubled sea,
An Angel visitor to me.
Sweet Breeze that follows winter's storm,
A Power that all things will reform ;
Who, then, this Visitor must be?
Canst tell His name?—shall I tell thee?
Can any solve this mystery?

'Tis wonderful, His name is called
The Mighty God—I feel appalled—
The Prince of Peace, I need not fear,
No ills can harm when He is near.

Where He abides the storm will cease,
The fallow ground give good increase ;
All wounds be healed—for no decay,
Or pain, or death, can near Him stay,
They flee His presence—so, you see,
This Comforter is God, with me.

PRAISE AND OBLATIONS BRING.

A NEVER ending life is mine,
If I the Saviour love;
The troubles that make men repine,
Are never felt above.

God gives to us eternal life—
This life is in His Son;
The world below is full of strife,
But Christ the battle won.

He fought the foe, His blood was shed
That man might ransomed be;
He suffered woe—upon His head
Fell wrath deserved by me.

If I, redeemed, in glory rise,
How Heaven with shouts will ring;
My beauty cause a great surprise—
Hosanna! all will sing.

Before we reach those realms of light,
Let us an anthem raise;
Feeble the tone, in this, our night,
But make it heart-felt praise.

Hosanna! He is Lord of Lords!
Hosanna! Christ is King!
Hossanna! to the Saviour's feet,
Praise and oblations bring.

HOSEA xiv. 5.

While travelling on this earth below
May I, like eastern lilies, grow ;
With face upturned to heaven, live
To catch the rays the *Sun* can give.

Like Lebanon my roots must be,
Entwined round Him I cannot see ;
As grass, by early dew refreshed,
May I, through Christ, be ever blessed.

Oh ! to be green, like Hermon's hill,
Kept by my Lord from every ill ;
Strong, like the cedars, famed of old,
And fair as lilies to behold.

ISRAEL SCATTERED.

(*Good Friday*, 1876.)

Far and wide is Israel scattered—
Far and wide doth Israel mourn ;
Why is Salem now down trodden,
And her princes laughed to scorn ?

Few are they among the nations ;
Famish'd, cheated, slander'd, slain—
Banish'd oft, by most ill treated,
Have they in oppression lain.

(*Ezekiel* xv. 3, &c.)

"Vine wood is not meet for timber ;"
Israel, feeble, like the vine,
Wants a skilful hand to prune it—
Then the fruit is sweet and fine.

Sour were their grapes, when blinded ;
Then they raised that fearful cry—
"Crucify Him, crucify Him!"
Well may they now weep and sigh.

(*Ezekiel* xvi.)

Fallen, fallen, wretched nation !
Once a people so renown'd— (ver. 14)
"Deck'd with gold, and fine thy raiment, (ver. 13)
Perfect was thy beauty found."

"Trusting in that much-praised beauty,
Turning back to heathen rites," (ver. 15)
Thy "*high places*, decked with colours," (ver. 16)
Led to far more fearful sights.

"Jewels fair, of gold and silver," (ver. 17)
Which on Thee had been bestowed,
To make images were taken,
And before them, low ye bowed.

Can we wonder, after reading
All the evil by them done—
After heeding not the Father,
They should crucify the Son?

Yes; they slew their great Redeemer!
'Tis for that they wander far;
"Crucify Him!" such their language—
They did cloud that Eastern Star.

Why was it?—Their eyes were blinded
By their prophets, we are told;
They hated light, despis'd His laws—
So wrote they, in books of old.

"Crucify Him!—Why?" asked Pilate;
"Speak—what evil doth He do?"
"As a king, He would rule o'er us—
Calls himself, Messiah. too!"

"Not this Man," they said—"Barabbas
We will have released by thee;
Crucify the Man called Jesus;
Ruled by Him we will not be."

God of Love, they crucified Thee—
For that sin their Temple fell;
Wrath was poured upon them freely—
Who, their miseries can tell?

Ask no more, why Israel scattered,
Peel'd, and trampled to the ground,
Is a mourning race, now wand'ring
In all lands where man is found?

All the woes by prophets threatened
Fell on them from time to time;
War, the pestilence, and famine,
Punishments were for that crime.

Are they then cut off for ever?
Will they never more go home,
And Jerusalem inhabit?
Must they, cursed, for ever roam?

I have read, if they, relenting
In their hearts, to Jesus turn;
And of all their sins repenting,
He will not His people spurn.

Why is it?—Because Jehovah
Passed His word (He alters not),
"Unconsumed, My people chasten'd,
Shall possess that favoured spot."

He promised it to Abraham—
Though by Gentiles trodden down,
Other races shall not have it;
There He means to wear the crown.

There, upon the throne of David,
Will Messiah sit and reign;
There His foes shall quail before Him,
There *rise up*, and *there be slain.*

Though an olive, wild by nature,
May I, grafted in that Vine,
Share with that much favour'd people,
Love and mercy so divine.

THE DAMASK ROSE.

It once was a beautiful damask rose,
And its faded leaves it will quickly lose;
Now, withered, it hangs on its bright green stem,
And little remains of that shining gem.

Each fragment the wind will soon blow away—
In how short a time will all be decay;
Frail man, like the rose, too, must bloom and die—
They both rise and fall, and in dust must lie.

But man must emerge from the grave again—
Will it be to a scene of joy or pain?
That depends on the life he led below,
For in Heaven we reap what on earth we sow.

The rose, while it blossomed, perfumed the air—
Raised a smile of love by its beauty fair;
And those who, by good deeds, make this world bright,
Will be sure to shine in the realms of light.

THE DRY ROOT.

Dry is my root, parched up with sin—
Vitality is low within;
O Lord, Thy scorching beams restrain,
Pour out on me refreshing rain.

Be to my soul as early dew,
My fading powers, Most High, renew;
As blossoms open to the sun,
Make Thou my tendrils upward run.

Then, catching hold upon the Tree
Of Life, may I be one with Thee,
And bring forth fruit both sweet and fine,
And not disgrace my Parent Vine.

Fit for transplanting may I prove,
When Heavenly gardeners, full of love,
Descend to take choice plants up where
They can bestow on them more care.

Oh, think, what beauty will be mine,
As on me genial sunbeams shine,
When, sheltered from both storm and heat,
I shall for royal grounds be meet:

Be looked on as a sweet floret—
An Immortelle—a blossom set
In Jesu's crown, with Him to share—
Unfading joys, and flourish there.

IN AN ALLEY, DARK AND DREARY.

In an alley, dark and dreary,
Sat a little pensive maid ;
She with watching oft was weary—
Dying near, her mother laid.

"Father will not stay out yonder,
It is late, he soon will come ;
What should keep him there, I wonder—
How I wish he was at home.

Mother dear, do speak and cheer me—
Talk to me of Jesu's love ;
Are you sleepy, can't you hear me ?
Tell me of the Home above."

"Come to me, my dearest, hearken,
When I'm gone and you alone,
Let not sin your spirit darken—
Idle sit not, or bemoan :

Work and pray, then God will bless you,
He will help, you need not fear ;
Though poor mother can't caress you,
Your dear Saviour will be near."

Dead and gone, that sainted mother ;
Left alone, that fragile child ;
Drunken—married to another,
Was that father, cross and wild.

What became of her ? you ask me—
That is more than I can tell ;
This I know, that One who can see,
Noted down all that befell.

If some kindly Christian found her,
Tried her little heart to cheer,
Cast protecting arms around her,
Taught her Christ to love and fear—

It is certain both are blessed,
Both enjoy a wealth untold,
Both are of pure gold possessed,
Both are sheep in Jesu's fold.

Roaming in the Heavenly meadows—
Mother, child, and friend so kind—
Now a home have where no shadows
Ever can an entrance find.

Roving in His palace garden,
Near their Saviour and their King—
They, relieved from every burden,
Everlasting praises sing.

ANSWER ALL MY QUESTIONS, PRAY.

SHALL I wander over yonder,
All in darkness and dismay?
Or, in gladness, free from sadness,
Sing along my airy way?

Shall I ponder over yonder,
On the ills that grieved me here?
Or, asunder, cease to wonder
At the past, when safe up there?

Shall I, grieving over leaving
Earth and every earthly scene,
Sink, repining, never shining,
Where no light has ever been?

Or, uprising, that help prizing,
By my Saviour offered me,
Shall I, lightened, by Him brightened,
Live throughout eternity?

Who shall tell me what befell me,
After time has passed away?
Who shall chide me—what betide me?—
Answer all my questions pray.

MAN DOTH NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE.

"MAN doth not live by bread alone;"
What can that saying mean?
His life depends on something else—
On influence unseen.

What influence then can there be,
Not palpable to man?
Is it what we can understand—
Something the mind can scan?

Yes, we are told the soul of man
On God's Word must subsist;
Without it he is weak and frail,
And cannot long exist.

On every word Jehovah speaks (Luke iv. 4)
These souls of ours will thrive;
The waters of salvation, too,
Keep mortal man alive.

Immortal, if he eats and drinks
The nourishment so given;
But mortal if he won't partake,
And cast away from heaven.

THE SPOILED PICTURE.

Oft have I spoiled Thy picture, Lord ;
  Touches of mine have marred its grace ;
Patches of sin discoloured it,
  And wilfulness has dimmed its face.

Fair was the *picture*, *man*, when made ;
  Fair till the evil spirit saw
A rival to his power raised—
  By him beguiled, Eve broke the law.

Fatal the stroke—lost, Eden's light,
  The colour changed, the painting spoiled ;
Grand though the Master-hand had been,
  His genius at first seemed foiled.

Man, when created, imaged God ;
  He reigned in Eden as a lord
Over the things assigned to him—
  Vicegerent with the King's accord.

Vicegerent pure and powerful,
  Was Adam when at first enthroned ;
We see, alas ! his seed accursed—
  They are through his sad fall disowned.

Whose children now are Adam's race?
What master do they serve and own?
Is it the Prince of Love and Peace,
Or him who hath rebellion sown?

Look round this earth, in beauty clad;
Hark to the sounds of misery!
Who made the first? who caused the last?
Say, weeping man, what dost thou see?

I see, if I speak truth, decay
Creeping apace, and death at last—
(Fastening it's fatal fangs on all)
Destroying with it's poisoned blast.

Will the vile daub that overlays
The splendid portrait first shown forth,
For ever keep it undisplayed?
Or will the Artist rise in wrath

And with His genius and power
Consign to darkness those who tried
To tamper with perfection's laws,
And smother beauty through their pride.?

Spoiled is the picture—fatal truth!
Who are the spoilers—canst thou tell?
First the dark spirit—then thyself—
Sad is the curse through it that fell.

Hast thou deserved it?—answer that;
  Was man created good and true?
In God's own image wast thou made?
  Hast thou had cause that gift to rue?

"I fell, through Adam," dost thou say?
  Well, but the second Adam came—
Redeemer, He is called I ween;
  Redeemer!—dost thou mark *that name?*

If a Redeemer, man is saved—
  The picture is restored to thee;
'Tis when *rejected—not till then—*
  The picture *quite destroyed will be.*

ST. JOHN xxii. 16.

(*Easter*, 1876.)

"MARY!" "Rabboni (master), dear!"
"Mary, 'tis I; shed not that tear—
Tears, loving Mary, wipe away,
Rejoice; though short must be My stay.

I, to My Father now must go—
Be quick; tell My disciples so; (ver. 18)
I ascend first, My God to see— (ver. 17)
Your Father, God, He too will be.

I will return, you need not fear,
Believe Me—*I am*, always near ;
Though you on earth must longer stay,
I never shall be long away.

I dwell in Mine—Mine dwell in Me,
Through time and long eternity ;
Because I live, your life is sure—
Spirit for ever shall endure.

The case alone must see decay—
Thy soul shall shine in endless day ;
Mary, the faithful, by My side,
Shall share My kingdom *as a Bride.*"

ST. JOHN xxii. 24.

Lord, like Thomas, oft I doubt—
Unbelieving stand without ;
Far from Thy disciples keep,
Hopeless sit, and cheerless weep.

Terrified, affrighted, I
Fear Thy Spirit should draw nigh ;
Show Thy hands and feet to me,
Then, believing, shall I be.

Jesus, Saviour, risen Lord,
Peace speak to me in Thy Word;
Darkness banish, gild the tomb—
Shine above earth's dismal gloom.

Onward may I joyous go,
Vanished every doubt and woe;
Grant me *faith*, Thy form to see,
And *abide, my God, with me.*

INACTION.

INACTION looks like deadness;
Good works show there is life;
All sin produces sadness,
And ends in wrath and strife.

Inaction *proves us lukewarm*—
A state that God disdains;
For good men it has no charm—
Despised, the sloth remains.

If men remain inactive,
Sin will destroy us all;
Good folks should be detective,
And evil ones appal.

Good men are sometimes slandered,
And busy-bodies named—
For raising high Truth's standard,
They thereby get defamed.

"Enter into joy and live,
Thou good and faithful son,"
Will not greet the inactive,
Who left his work undone.

"No harm I did," though pleaded,
Will unavailing be;
Good works remained unheeded,
And all his shame shall see.

The fall of sin is certain—
God has pronounced its doom;
When death drops down the curtain,
Inaction sinks in gloom.

ACTIVE.

Active my grain of dust should be—
God's Spirit moves within;
Fashioned for work, destined to play
Some part, when freed from sin.

An atom, small in space, I seem,
With life short as a span;
Yet, in that atom, dwells a soul,
Eternal realms to scan.

That is to say, if I be raised,
Through my Redeemer's love,
Like to Himself, in strength and power,
Fit for the world above.

No atom there, no grain of dust—
Glorified—fair to see;
Immortal, like my Father, God,
Such may my portion be.

INFLUENCE.

Sweet cream, that should to butter turn
If properly put in the churn;
Injurious, and sour would be,
If acid were infused by thee.

So, influence, when used for good,
As God, who gave it, meant it should,
Will prove an oil, a balm in space—
A comfort to our sin-struck race.

You who have influence, *beware*—
To use it well, take special care;
Ill-used, a poison it will prove
Both to yourselves and those you love.

All have *some influence, be sure*—
All flesh some burden to endure;
If patiently sustained, we read,
The Lord will help in time of need.

You, in a future world, will see
How vast the power bestowed on thee;
How joyous, if our God shall say—
"Your smile chased gloom and grief away—

Your good example made My foes
Ashamed of all the tears and woes
Their selfishness brought down on those
Who for a better state I chose." (2 Thess. ii. 13)

Think, worldly man, how you will crave
For mercy 'neath the Jordan's wave,
If things, entrusted to your care,
For self alone were nourished here.

Members that work together—thrive,
And long the body keep alive;
Members ill-used produce disease,
And make the system ill at ease.

Wiser, if *all*, their parts employ,
As was intended—to cause joy;
That with their risen head in light,
They may in perfect peace delight.

Let all our actions henceforth prove
The Spirit moving us in love;
Let us enforce God's perfect laws,
If we complain—be sin the cause.

DEEDS OF EVIL MAR THIS SCENE.

Lord of power, God of life,
Do return and end this strife;
Through a glass I darkly see— (1 Cor. xiii. 12)
Oh! reveal Thy truth to me.

Deeds of evil mar this scene,
Man is not what he has been;
Grace give to be more like Thee—
Increase fervent charity. (1 Cor. xiii. 1)

Man, at his nativity,
Could with power trusted be;
Like the darkened spirit now,
See how sin has knit his brow.

Why that frown? why fierce that eye?
Why that piercing, wailing cry?
Sin has made him terrible—
How deeply fall'n, who can tell?

Hearts that should be full of glee,
From unkindness, saddened, flee;
Creatures, formed for use and love,
Often round him trembling move.

Dogs that watched their masters' eye,
Ready for their sakes' to die,
Shrink behind, a kick receive—
Manly hearts, a pat should give.

Oxen, urged on with a goad,
Heedless of their heavy load;
Horses, beautiful to see,
Spectacles of misery!

Raced along for sport, or pay,
Ill-used, night, and morn, and day;
Worked out to the very last,
Beaten, starved, life ebbing fast.

"*How I wish, sir,* you would spare
That poor creature toiling there,"
I have said, with moistened eye—
"*Mind your* business," the reply.

Cats and birds, and frogs and flies,
Fill the air with mournful cries;
Shouts of laughter follow those
Who upbraid their cruel foes.*

Kindly hearts there are who try
To prevent such misery;
Time and money, too, they give
That in comfort all should live.

* (April, 1876.—A fact, see *Lynn Newspaper.*)

Blessing are they to the world—
When wrath is on sinners hurled (Rom. ii. 6, 9)
All such noble souls should share
Their Creator's love and care.

Come down quickly, risen Lord,
All creation help afford;
Let all flesh rejoice and sing—
Thy return will comfort bring.

Reinstated with great power,
Renewed man will blessings shower;
Selfishness, and death, and pain,
Never will be seen again.

Lion, ox, lamb, reptile, child,
Shall no longer be beguiled;
They, at peace, will feed and play—
Happy in eternal day.

THE BUBBLE.

A LITTLE bubble once rose in the air,
Beauteous were the hues reflected there;
Short was the time it floated on the scene,
Then bursted—leaving no trace it had been.

Man (like the bubble) does not last here long;
Well if he never willingly went wrong,
But tried in all his actions to do right,
Leaving a trace behind him, pure and bright,

Then, deeply though we miss that much loved form,
Nothing remaining of it, through the worm,
This truth we know, to cheer us in the night,
Spirits, redeemed, *shine evermore in light.*

IS THERE A REALM WHERE HAPPY SPIRITS DWELL?

Is there a realm where happy spirits roam?
Do we know anything about that home?
Is it from gloom, and darkness ever free?
Will all its pleasures everlasting be?
There is a land of beauty round the place,
Where He, who once for our sake veiled His face,
Now reigns as Lord supreme and God of might;
There shines the Sun that gives eternal light.

He is the radiance some could see afar,
When on this earth He shone, but as a Star,
Dim was His glory, sad His worldly state;
Those who rejected Him found out too late,
He was the Light of lights, the moving Power,
That on His foes, could in all places shower
Hailstones, and darkness, aye, and coals of fire—
Portions prepared for those who raise His ire.

Darkness that could be felt on Egypt fell,
Through God dishonoured—so the Scriptures tell;
Clouded was Palestine on that sad morn
When all creation's Lord was laughed to scorn;
Dark has the Jewish mind been from that time,
Dark it will still remain, until that crime
Is wailed for deeply—its guilt washed away
In His life-blood, who makes eternal day.

When that takes place, Jerusalem will ring
With sounds of joy, and Gentiles, too, will sing,
Angels shall mingle with the happy throng,
"Worthy the Lamb!" the subject of their song;
"Worthy the Lamb!" who when on earth oft sighed;
"Worthy the Lamb!" who for His people died;
"Worthy the Lamb!" who was rejected here;
"Worthy the Lamb!" to be exalted there.

Thou bright effulgence, pour some golden streak
From Thy warm Self into the dark and weak;
Let there be light and strength come forth from Thee,
Cheer with them Jewish hearts—all flesh and me;
Raise us, and all who sleep beneath the tomb,
To that bright spot where no night is or gloom—
Draw us above, where sunshine, mirth, and glee,
Make endless life *one grand festivity*.

—⁂—

1 JOHN iv. 8.

MARK! "He that loves not, knows not God,
For God is love."—So spake the Son.
On those who love not, falls His rod,
Chastising every evil done.

"God is love," and Christ proclaimed it,
To prove it—died on Calvary;
"God is love," though foes disclaim it,
Such is the *Truth*—all flesh shall see.

(*Romans* ii. 5, 6, 9.)

"God is love"—He hates the cruel;
Destroyers of *His* works beware—
"God is love"—through evil wrath fell—
Those who oppose Him, ill shall fare.

(*Mark* iv. 24.)

"God is love"—the measure meted
Shall be by Him, returned to thee;
Those who love, by Him are seated,
And those who hate, accursed shall be.

"God is love," so do not squander,
Or ill use-things, left to your care;
"God is love," His foes shall wander
Eternally in dark despair.

God of love, look round this fair earth—
See *how like Heaven* it would prove,
If Thy creatures, seeking true mirth,
Intertwined in mutual love.

God of love, *how unlike Heaven*,
Our sin-stained home doth now appear;
God of love, satanic leaven
Permeates man with grief and fear.

God of love, assistance lend us—
Send enemies of love away;
God of love, henceforth defend us—
Vanquish opposers of Thy sway.

Then, God of love, Thy sons, elate,
Shall make Thy realms with praises ring;
Then, God of love, enthroned in state,
All flesh shall hallelujah sing.

REVELATION xi. 18.

THOSE who destroy the earth shall fade,
All evil shall be blighted;
Poisonous herbs mature in shade—
Sinners are oft benighted.

When Christ returns, the Sun will shine, (ver. 15)
Remotest deeds be cited; (Rev. xx. 12)
Scorched up the rootless plant will pine— (Mark iv. 6)
All sowers be requited.

Then those who to the flesh have sown
Will have no sheaves to offer;
Like chaff, they must away be blown,
And perish with the scoffer.

Safe in the garner of the Lord, (Matt. xiii. 30)
The good grain shall be hoarded;
And sowers of the living Word
There ever be rewarded.

Hark! 'tis the last great Harvest Home,
List to the sounds of gladness;
To idlers Christ will not say, "Come,"
They must depart in sadness. (Matt. xxiv. 51)

WHY VARNISH THE SHELL, WITH THE NUT IN DECAY?

Why varnish the shell, with the nut in decay?
It were better that both were cast from thee away;
Deceiving thyself with the richly gilt skin,
Thou art blind to corruption corroding within.

The church that wants gaudy array and false lights,
The true spirit must lack in God's clear searching sight;
A body diseased and polluted with sin
Shews, in spite of white raiment, there evil has been.

The Fountain of Life sends out water quite pure,
Those who drink it have strength all their toils to endure;
But poison comes forth from a cistern defiled—
All who *taste* it are slaves, by the serpent beguiled.

Away with delusions, and open your eyes—
Seek for pleasures enduring and robe for the skies;
Immortal your spirit if Christ dwells therein—
But a *shell* of demerit if withered by sin.

Printed by W. H. & L. Collingridge, 148 & 149, Aldersgate-st, London.

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